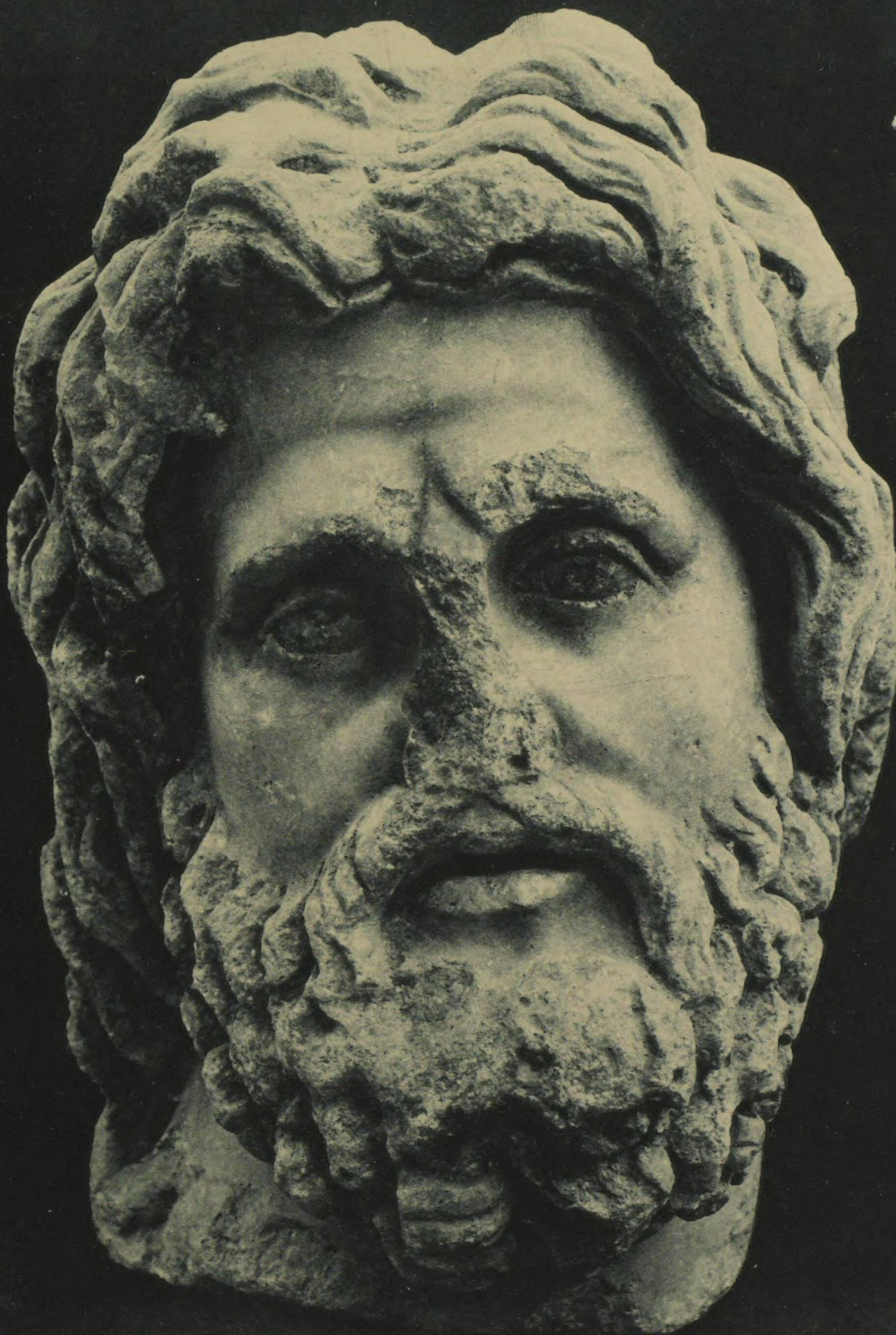


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1926.

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THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF CHRIST? THE JERASH HEAD, A REMARKABLE SCULPTURED CHRIST-LIKE HEAD (PROBABLY OF THE LATTER HALF OF THE 2ND CENTURY A.D.) FOUND IN A 5TH-CENTURY CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT JERASH.

Describing this head, which he regards as of profound importance, Professor John Garstang writes in the article on the following page: "When we learn . . . from the record of the discovery—that the head was, in fact, found in the cloister of a Christian church of the fifth century, with which it had been in contemporary use and ultimately fell, we cannot but conclude that this unique

piece of sculpture was set up by the Christian community of Jerash as a representation of Christ. . . . Opinions may vary . . . as to the date of the sculpture; but, while some would place it before the Christian era, the bulk of expert opinion will probably agree (on present criteria) that it belongs to the latter half of the second century A.D."

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THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF CHRIST? THE JERASH HEAD.

By PROFESSOR JOHN GARSTANG, M.A., D.Sc., B. LITT., F.S.A.

THE sculptured head recovered by Mr. Horsfield from among the ruins of Jerash arrests attention at once by its marked expression of mental pain, which is studiously delineated and gives it unique character. Those who have seen it in the original, both archaeologists and others, are nearly unanimous in affirming that it is more like the accepted Christ-type than any other.

When we learn, then, from the record of the discovery (described in detail below) that the head was, in fact, found in the cloister of a Christian church of the fifth century, with which it had been in contemporary use and ultimately fell, we cannot but conclude that this unique piece of sculpture was set up by the Christian community of Jerash as a representation of Christ.

The profound importance of this conclusion demands special caution in proceeding further; a number of questionings arise at once and must be anxiously considered. Let us have no illusions. Can this really be a portrait of Christ? We know that the Suffering Christ did not become familiar in art as yet for several centuries. Again, though formal representations of Christ as the Good Shepherd are familiar in frescoes of the catacombs as early as the second or third century, the Christ is beardless. Even in the fourth century the representation of Christ bearded is still rare, but it is not unknown. There are good examples on Roman coffins—for instance, those of Gaul in the Louvre—and there is a special case in mosaic of the same century in the Eglise St. Pudenziana in Rome. It is possible, then, that there were earlier examples—as, indeed, some think.

Opinions may vary, again, as to the date of the sculpture; but, while some would place it before the Christian era, the bulk of expert opinion will probably agree (on present criteria) that it belongs to the latter half of the second century A.D. The treatment of the eyes is a determining feature. On the other hand, the hair and some other details possibly indicate a later date, and some further discovery upon the site may provide criteria altogether new. It would be no more surprising to find a local revival of art under the inspiring force of early Christianity than to find the suffering of Christ to have been recognised already in the fifth century as a motif in Christian iconography.

But, though the possibility remains, is it not more likely that the head was originally chosen from among the earlier pagan sculptures of the place, or imported specially, as responding to a Christian conception? Speaking generally, it is found on comparison to be more spiritual than Zeus or Poseidon, more emotional than Serapis, sorrowing rather than merely pensive like Asklepios, suffering morally rather than physically like Marsyas bound or the struggling Laokoon. The Jerash head is, in fact, differentiated from all the familiar classical types. Compared with particular examples (of which a selection is given on page 196), it has something in common with the Asklepios from Melos in the British Museum; and, in expression, with the bearded god identified with Zeus in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston. Other points of contact in detail might be instanced; but the resemblance is not close, and in no case complete, and it fades before the intensity of feeling so carefully brought out in the Jerash head.

One thing seems clear—that it was fashioned by a great artist who, working upon the established and familiar models of pagan Zeus or Asklepios, glorified them in the realisation of an ideal. Did such a genius exist in the fourth or fifth century at Jerash? And was that ideal the Suffering of Christ? Only further careful excavation and research can tell. In any case, a great gulf is already bridged, and the evidence of

further excavation may point to the existence of a continuous tradition, almost a local memory, as to the appearance of Christ.

It remains to examine with greater detail the progress of Mr. Horsfield's recent work, which has led to this epoch-making discovery. This has been tending to concentrate latterly upon two features: firstly the great gate of the temple area, from which the grand stairway leads up westward; and secondly the main street, which soundings had shown to be continuous below the débris. Both features are in urgent need of conservation—the binding together of loosened masonry, the replacing of arches and lintels, in the one; the underpinning of columns and resetting the foundations in the other. Before beginning this work it was necessary to clear away the débris.

At the point where the great gate leads into the main street, the accumulation of débris was considerable. Earth washed down the stairway was mixed with fallen masonry and columns, which at this point had been particularly imposing. Opposite the great gate a causeway originally led eastward, apparently crossing the stream to the

A basilica was constructed in which the street-columns, still standing, now served to separate the nave from the side aisles. The new building was evidently Christian, but it awaits excavation. In front of the doorway the clearance has gradually disclosed an atrium or cloister, flanked by circular chambers. Of these, that on the northern side has been cleared and found to be a small Christian church or annexe, paved with coloured tesserae in the well-known mosaic fashion. In the centre there is a short Greek inscription ("Holy is thy sanctuary . . ."), under a cross, and in the surround are the first three verses of the eighty-sixth Psalm; all the letters are laid in black tesserae, and the whole seems to be a product of the fifth century.

The cloister arose, then, opposite to the older main gate of the Temple, and on the east side of the main street, and from the cloister there led out, in front, eastwards, the Basilica, and on the sides, north and south, the two circular annexes, of which that to the north has already been cleared, and is of proved Christian origin. The whole reconstructed plan at this

point is, in fact, obviously symmetrical, and presumably all dates from the same early Christian epoch. The basilica in particular, with its eastern apse, conforms with the Christian plan. Further clearance will determine that point definitely.

Between the doorway of the Basilica and that of the circular church, nearer to the former, and in the cloister into which both doors open, the head was found lying upon débris about a foot from the floor, and covered with more débris mixed with architectural remains. Near it there was found what seems to have been a round altar festooned in the pagan style, but without inscription or other pagan details. Possibly this may have served as a pedestal, but there is no certainty of this, and only the proximity of

discovery suggests the possibility.

Such, briefly, is the evidence which attests that the head was in use contemporaneously with the Christian buildings of the area in which it was found. All Christendom will follow the future work on this site with vital interest, and those who were apathetic before about archaeological excavations will realise the importance of securing further material evidence on these matters. And there is no site more likely. Those who have examined the Christian churches of Jerash suspect from the superficial indications that the evolution of the Christian liturgy lies buried there, the development of Christian architecture and Christian ritual from the pagan, collaterally, may be, and before Christianity received official recognition.

And if this be the case, did not Christian art and iconography move forward under the same inspiration upon similar lines from a similar origin? Only further research can answer these speculative questions, which none the less have their value, warning us of the caution with which

excavation must be done, while demonstrating once for all the unique possibilities of archaeological research and the importance of scientific methods.

[Continued on page 220.]



NOT SUFFERING MORALLY, BUT PHYSICALLY: THE STRUGGLING LAOKOON—THE HEAD SET STRAIGHT FOR PURPOSES OF COMPARISON. (VATICAN.)



WHERE THE CHRIST-LIKE HEAD WAS FOUND AT JERASH (X): THE STREET OF COLUMNS—LOOKING NORTH.

eastern part of the town. Columns flanked this road, as throughout the city. At some date which remains to be determined, but after the causeway ceased to be used as a thoroughfare, and presumably in the fourth or fifth century, the first part

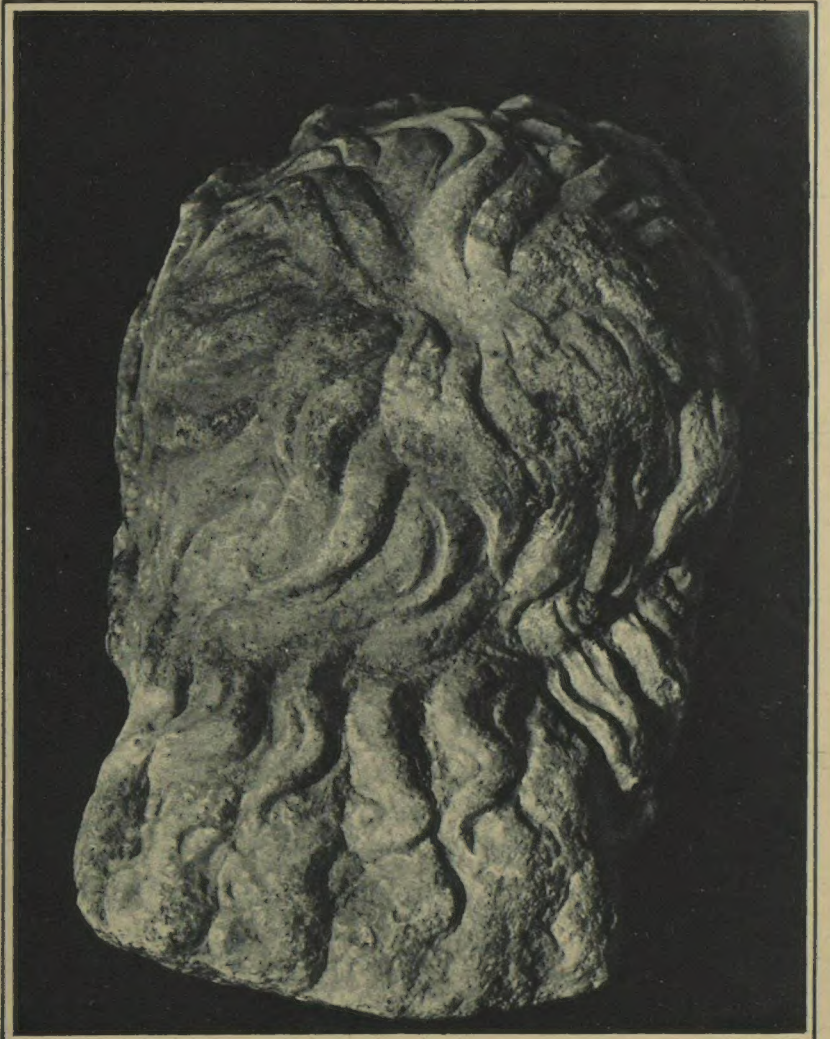
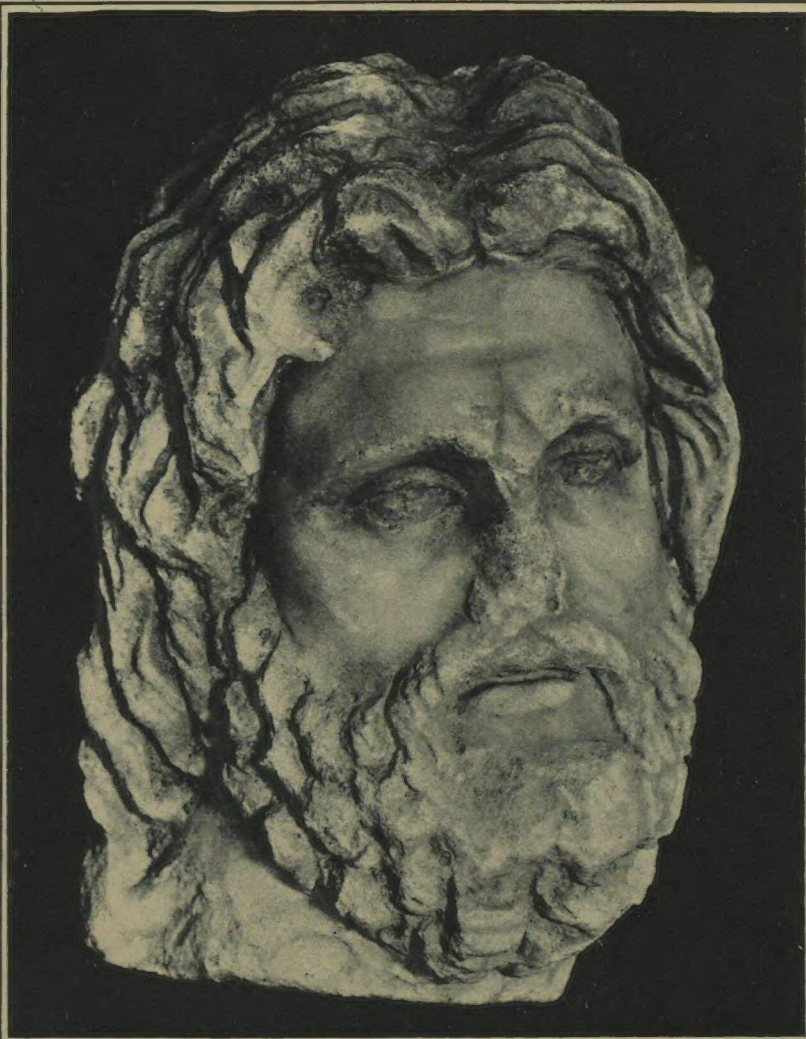
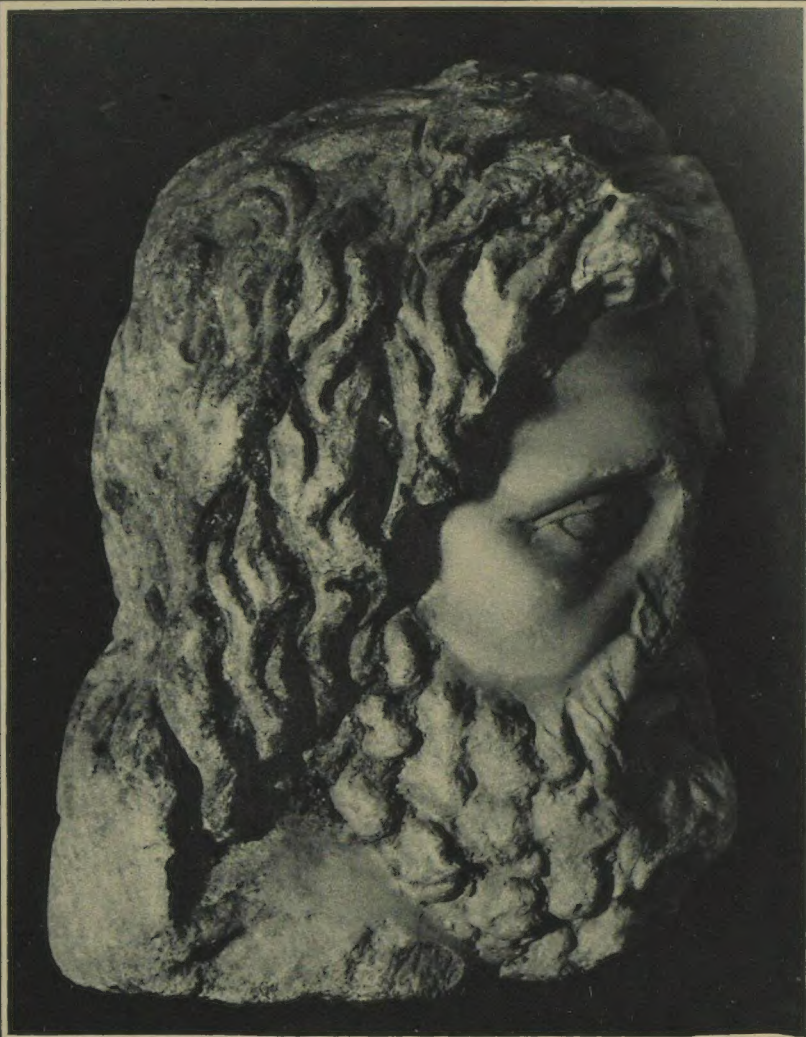


APPARENTLY A PRODUCT OF THE FIFTH CENTURY: PART OF THE MOSAIC PAVEMENT IN THE SMALL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, OR ANNEXE, AT JERASH.

of this road was blocked, at the east end by an apse, and at the west end by an improvised wall with doorway.

LIKE THE ACCEPTED CHRIST-TYPE: THE JERASH HEAD.

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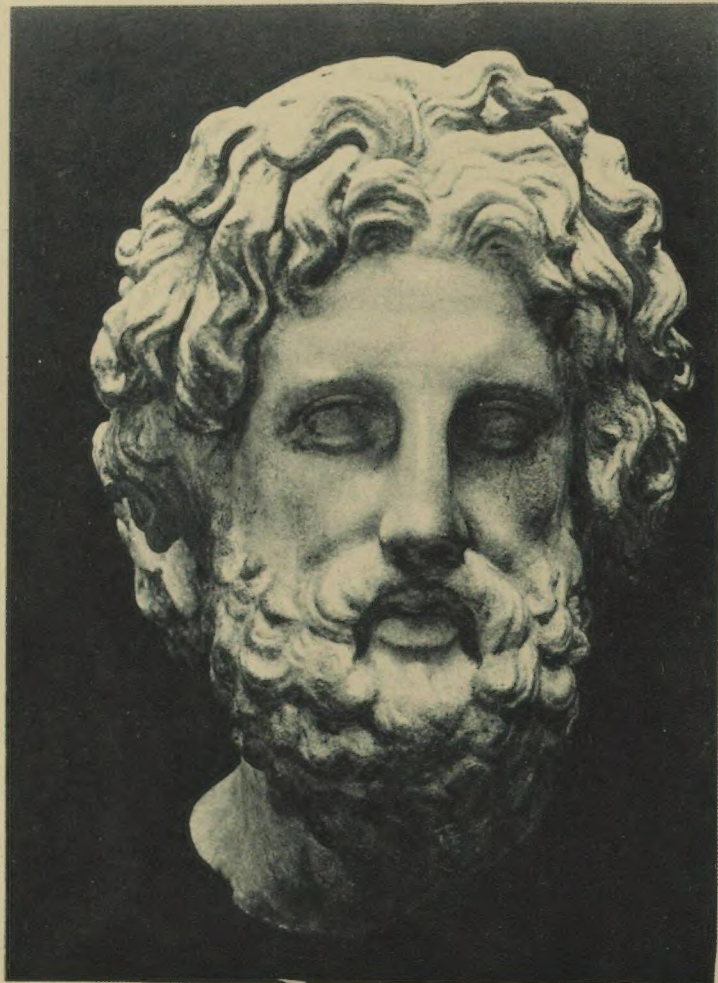


"DIFFERENTIATED FROM ALL THE FAMILIAR CLASSICAL TYPES": FOUR ASPECTS OF THE CHRIST-LIKE HEAD FROM THE CLOISTER OF A FIFTH-CENTURY CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT JERASH.

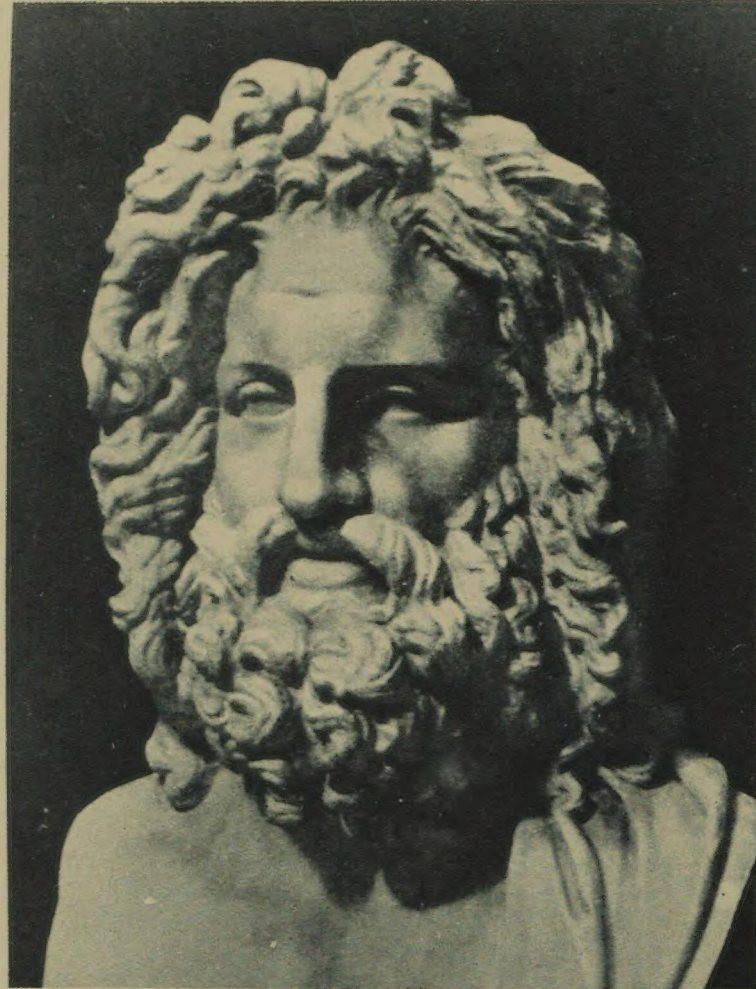
"The sculptured head recovered by Mr. Horsfield from among the ruins of Jerash," writes Professor Garstang, "arrests attention at once by its marked expression of mental pain, which is studiously delineated and gives it unique character. Those who have seen it in the original, both archæologists and others, are nearly unanimous in affirming that it is more like the accepted Christ-type than any other. . . ." As mentioned under our front-page picture, the bulk of

expert opinion will probably agree that it belongs to the latter half of the second century A.D. "The treatment of the eyes is a determining feature. On the other hand, the hair and some other details possibly indicate a later date. . . . It would be no more surprising to find a local revival of art under the inspiring force of early Christianity than to find the suffering Christ to have been recognised already in the fifth century as a motif in Christian iconography."

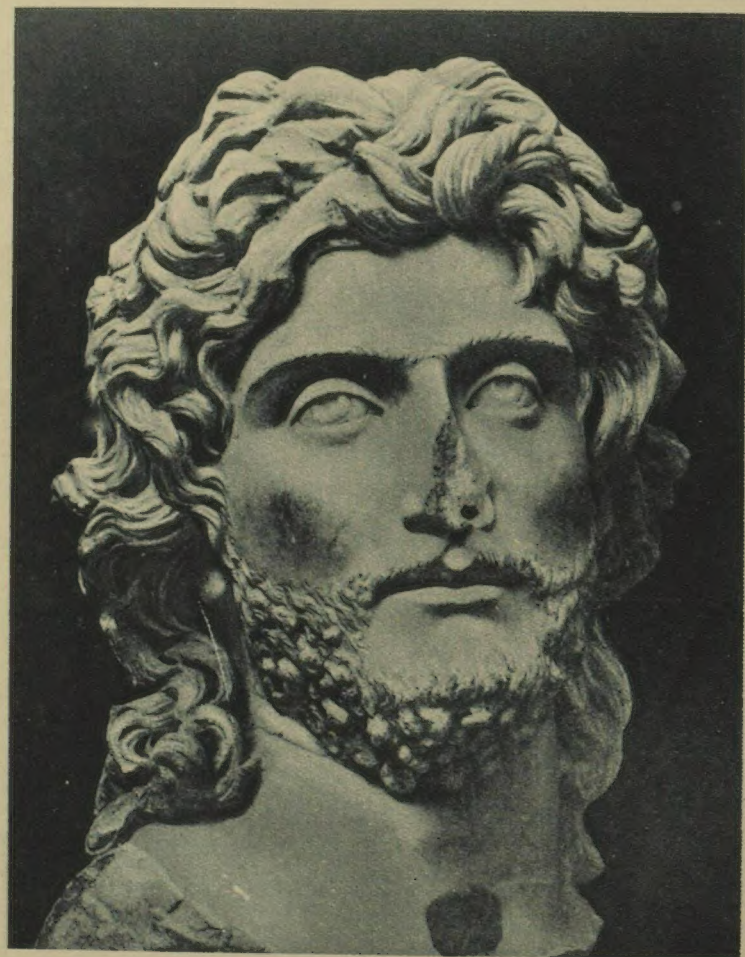
FOR COMPARISON WITH THE JERASH HEAD: FAMOUS SCULPTURES.



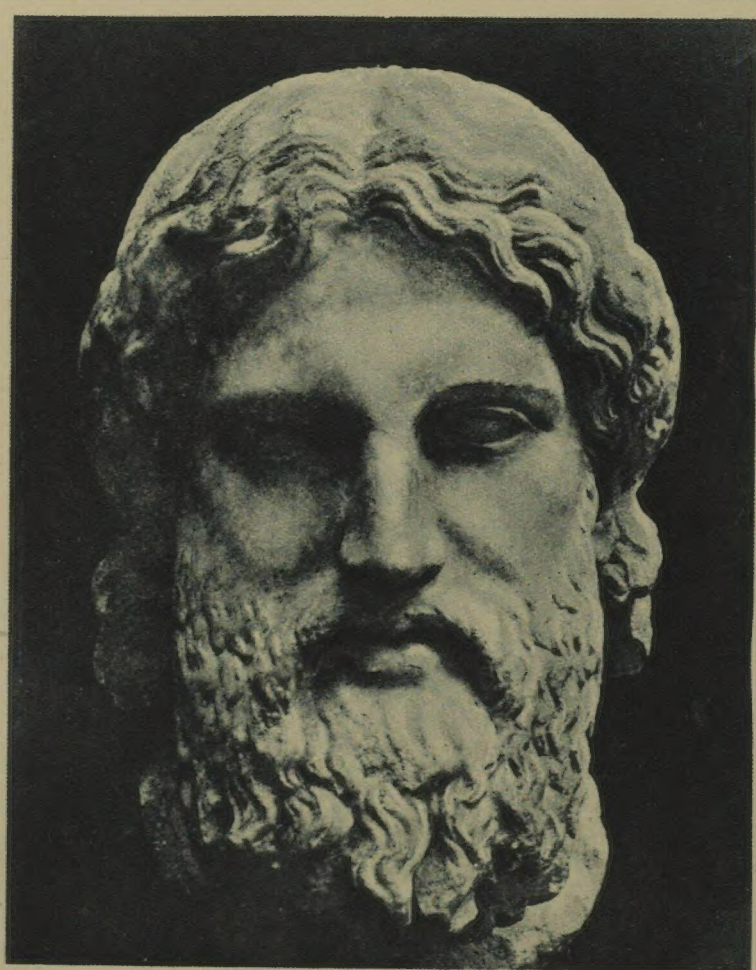
A WORK WITH WHICH THE JERASH HEAD HAS SOMETHING IN COMMON: THE ASKLEPIOS FROM MELOS. (THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



LESS SPIRITUAL THAN THE JERASH HEAD: A TYPICAL HEAD OF ZEUS. (THE VATICAN.)



COMMONLY CALLED "THE CHRIST": A HEAD THE EXPERTS BELIEVE TO BE THAT OF A BARBARIAN. (NATIONAL MUSEUM, ATHENS.)



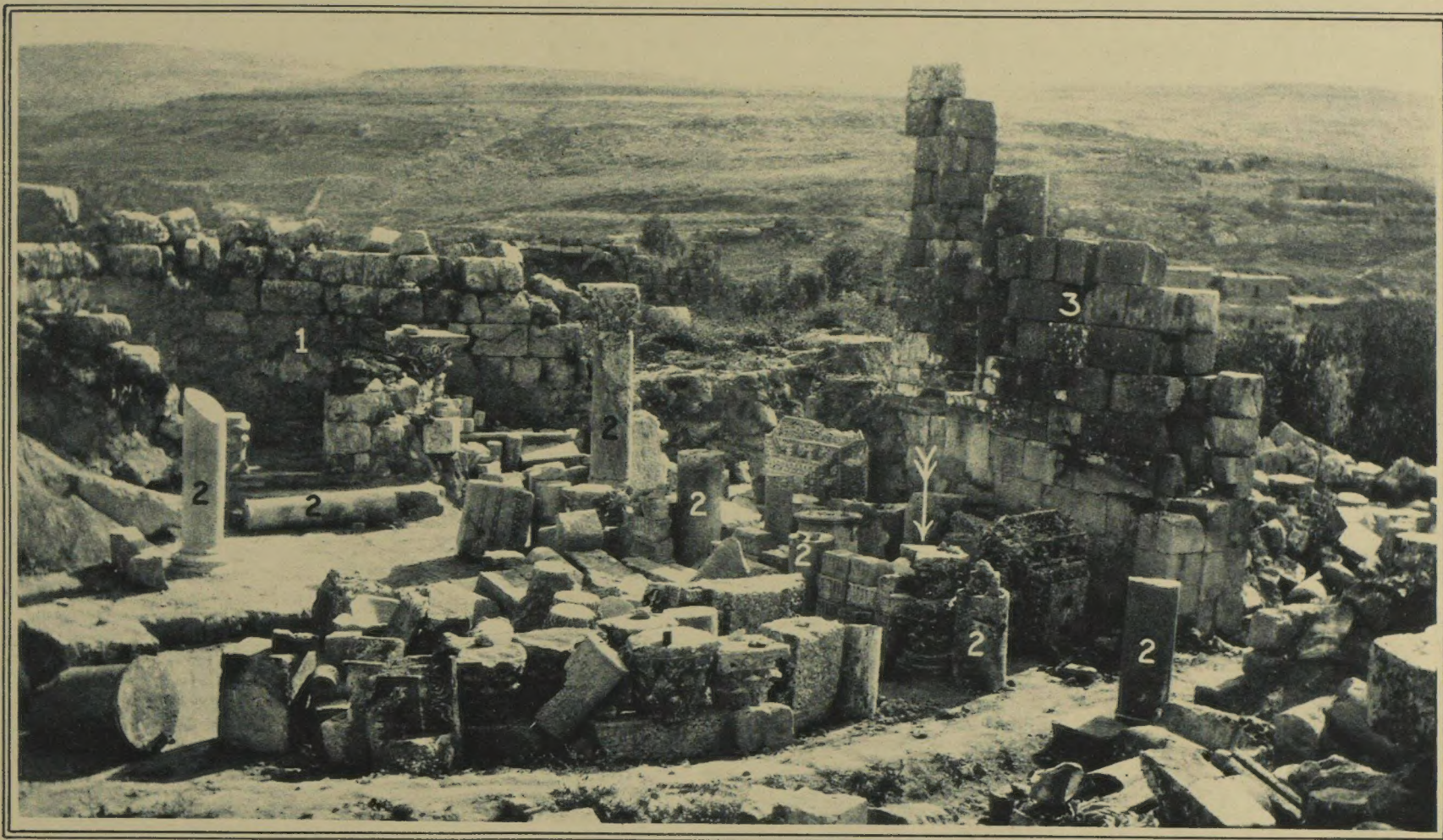
IN EXPRESSION, SOMEWHAT AKIN TO THE JERASH HEAD: A BEARDED GOD IDENTIFIED WITH ZEUS. (BOSTON.)

Writing of the Christ-like head from Jerash, Professor Garstang says: "Speaking generally, it is found on comparison to be more spiritual than Zeus or Poseidon, more emotional than Serapis, sorrowing rather than merely pensive like Asclepius, suffering morally rather than physically like Marsyas bound or the struggling Laokoon. . . . Compared with particular examples, it has something in common

with the Asclepius from Melos in the British Museum, and, in expression, with the bearded god identified with Zeus in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston. Other points of contact in detail might be instanced, but the resemblance is not close, and in no case complete, and it fades before the intensity of feeling so carefully brought out in the Jerash head."

WHERE THE CHRIST-LIKE HEAD WAS DISCOVERED: THE JERASH SITE.

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WITH AN ARROW INDICATING THE SPOT AT WHICH THE HEAD WAS FOUND: JERASH—THE CIRCULAR CHURCH, THE BASILICA, AND THE COLUMNS OF THE CLOISTER.

1. CIRCULAR CHURCH; WITH CHRISTIAN, INSCRIBED, MOSAIC PAVEMENT.
2. COLUMNS OF CLOISTER.

3. WEST WALL OF BASILICA.
4. DOOR OF CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
5. ENTRANCE TO BASILICA.

6. STREET COLUMNS OF THE BASILICA—SERVING TO SEPARATE THE NAVE FROM THE SIDE AISLES.
7. SEMI-CIRCULAR APSE OF BASILICA.

ARROW: HEAD FOUND BELOW TRIS.

"From the cloister there led out, in front, eastwards, the Basilica, and, on the sides, north and south, the two circular annexes, of which that to the north has already been cleared, and is of proved Christian origin. The whole reconstructed plan at this point is, in fact, obviously symmetrical, and presumably all dates

from the same early Christian epoch. . . . Between the doorway of the Basilica and that of the circular church, nearer to the former, and in the cloister into which both doors open, the head was found lying upon débris about a foot from the floor, and covered with more débris mixed with architectural remains."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE met not long ago a sort of conference of British and American representatives, dealing with the duties of British captains or shipowners in relation to Prohibition. I need not go into details, though they were often very amusing to read, if not very easy to understand. So far as I could make out, it meant that so long as British subjects are careful to obey the American law, there is a chance that even American citizens may some day obey it. But the discussion somehow struck me as giving the final touch to the effect of two other ceremonial occasions that had occurred just before it, and forming, as it were, the third angle of a triangle. Of the other two, one was the Anglo-American celebrations of the Fourth of July; the other was the French Military Procession through Paris, and, especially, the procession of the crippled and the wounded. If once we saw the point of those three things, we should see something of the real relations of three great nations. If only we saw the joke of two of them, we should see how different the reality is from the ritual.

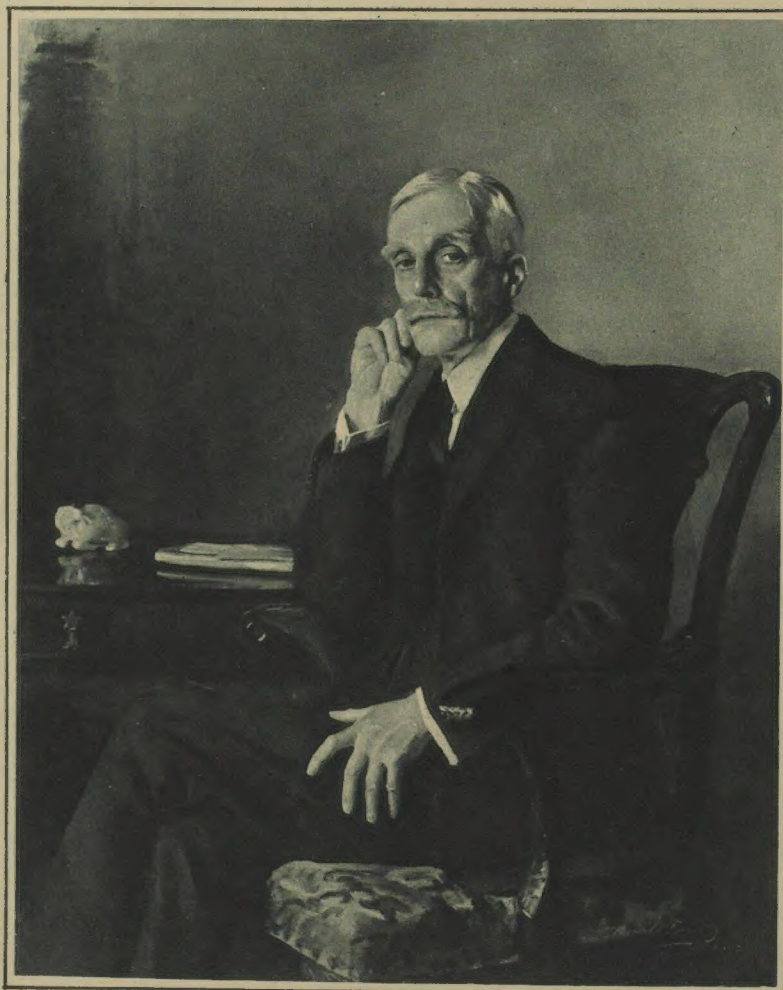
Prohibition is a joke; and its most optimistic supporters can only pretend that it is a practical joke. But the absurdity of a foreign nation having to take seriously what the natives take flippantly adds a sort of final flourish of frivolity to this triple tangle of falsity. Take first the case of the Fourth of July. The Anglo-American rhetoric in honour of it has run so long in official ruts that it has become utterly formal and fictitious. We know exactly what the British Minister and the American Ambassador will say about the Fourth of July, and we know, alas! that, considered as history or practical prophecy, it would be more suitable to the First of April. Independence Day is, in fact, the most fantastic of all feasts. The Americans celebrate it because they have forgotten what it meant. The English now celebrate it because they have never found out what it meant. It is comic enough, in all conscience, that an Empire should be called upon to jump for joy because it has lost its largest colonies, and dance with never-ending delight on receiving the repeated news of its own defeat. But it is funnier still that it should show a warm and generous agreement with the ideals of the victors; ideals which, rightly or wrongly, the English disbelieved in then, and mostly disbelieve in still. The orators tell us a hundred times that the English and the Americans had ultimately the same ideal of liberty; which is exactly what they did not have. They had two opposite ideals of liberty, for both of which there is a great deal to be said. One was the aristocratic ideal of liberty, with its sense of humour, its instinct for leisure, its loose local custom, and casual compromise. The other was the democratic ideal of liberty, with its dogmatic abstractions, its generalisations about millions, its universal type of citizen, and its wide level of human dignity. I believe I am one of the very few Englishmen who really do believe in the doctrine of the Fourth of July. That is why I am one of the very few Englishmen who flatly refuse to celebrate it. I have enthusiastic admiration for Jefferson; I have a very warm respect for Lord North. But to pretend that Jefferson, but for a mere misunderstanding, would have been as Imperial as Lord North, is a lie. To pretend that Lord North, but for a mere blunder, would have been as democratic as Jefferson, is a lie. Lord North, as a matter of fact, was a very good specimen of an English gentleman; but the ideal

of an English gentleman and of an American citizen are not the same and never will be, and it is nonsense and clap-trap to pretend that they are. I am enough of a democrat to wish seriously that England had developed as a democracy; but I do not think the case is met by America developing snobbery.

First, then, we have this irrational agreement between people too lazy to remember on what they disagreed. Then we have the curious fact that even when they did disagree, they agreed in forgetting the most obvious fact of all. The fact they both agree to forget is France. England throughout

America, there was truly and indeed another factor, which made it impossible for the colonies to go merely as spoils to the French conqueror, as in the case of Canada. That was the ideal of Independence Day: it was Jefferson and the great Declaration; it was the genuine enthusiasm of many colonists for a new creed of democracy. It is true to say that men like Jefferson, by being really democratic, prevented the French victory over the English from being merely dynastic. We could not merely win or lose Bunkers Hill as if it were the rock of Gibraltar. There were people living on the rock. And they were people who really did believe that the people should rule; which is more than we ever did. That made all the difference to the results of the French victory, over us. But it was a French victory, and neither we nor our enemies ever say so.

And now add the third term of the triad and consider that tragic and most tremendous procession that recently rolled through Paris, making its appeal to justice against the financial power that rules the modern world from New York. If there was any sense or sincerity at all in the famous American suggestion of "making the world safe for democracy," those words apply with an almost appalling aptitude to the long history of the French Army, especially from the moment when the first French regiment relieved the Americans in the eighteenth century to the moment when the first American regiment relieved the French in the twentieth. There we have a real historical connection, that has a philosophy and a meaning, and is therefore completely covered up by the conventional rhetoric of leading articles and after-dinner speeches. If the real history of the three nations were ever read, the force and meaning of that procession would be instantly realised. As it is, so far as I can make out, hardly anybody in this country knew anything about it; and it is probable that the provinces of America were even more provincial. Those who know not their own history can hardly believe their own eyes. Americans would have to go back to the great popular tumults of the time of Jefferson, when that great genius saw the full significance of France at bay before the barbarian princes, before they could comprehend what their fathers might have comprehended, in the march of that noble army of martyrs. Nobody will call Jefferson a militarist; nobody will say that Jefferson was not a humanitarian; nobody would pretend that he did not appreciate the value of fraternity and the friendship of all free peoples. But there would have been no doubt about where his sympathies lay, when the long lines of the broken French soldiers were drawn up as a defiance and a plea against the rule of a few American plutocrats. Nobody can doubt that he was in his way the noblest sort of internationalist. And nobody can doubt that he would have shown before such a challenge the noblest sort of internationalism. He would have seen that his own country was wrong; that it was wrong exactly as he had felt the Federal financiers who supported Hamilton to be wrong. He would have felt that most lamentably, and it is to be hoped but for the moment, his own republic was represented only by millionaires and the other represented by men. Nor can I doubt that he would have chosen the more chivalrous part in that battle between gold and steel, and sought to save his great nation from the dishonour of becoming merely the plutocracy of the planet.



MUCH CONCERNED WITH THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DEBT QUESTION: MR. ANDREW W. MELLON SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES.

In view of the Anglo-American Debt controversy, this portrait of Mr. Andrew W. Mellon—a characteristic work by that distinguished painter Mr. Oswald Birley—takes additional interest. Mr. Mellon, who stated that he was holiday-making in France and Italy, arrived at Cherbourg in the "Majestic" on July 23, and left by car for an unnamed destination. It was then understood that he would visit England later. He is looked upon by his fellow-countrymen as one of the keenest of financiers. He comes from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and by sheer energy and brain-power has made himself one of the bankers who really count. He is a very rich man with a private fortune estimated at anything between twenty and thirty million pounds.

From the Portrait by Oswald Birley. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Artist.

the eighteenth century was engaged in a long or intermittent war with France. It was against that great European rival that she fought all over the planet, in half-a-dozen different theatres of war. It was in victory over that rival that she won things; it was in defeat by that rival that she lost them. We won India by beating the French in India. We won Canada when we defeated the French. We lost America when we were defeated by the French. These colonies were tossed to and fro like spoils to the victors; and the determining reason of our failure to retain America was our failure to defeat the French movement to its support. But in

IN EXILE IN TIENTSIN: THE EX-EMPEROR OF CHINA AND HIS WIFE.



WITH HIS EMPRESS AND THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL-DESIGNATE OF CANADA: THE YOUTHFUL CHINESE EMPEROR IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE HE OCCUPIES—THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

In our issue of May 29 last, we published some exceptionally interesting photographs of the young Chinese Emperor and Empress in exile at Tientsin. We are now able to add this snapshot showing them with Lord Willingdon, Chairman of the British China Indemnity Delegation and Governor-General-designate of the Dominion of Canada; Lady Willingdon; and Mr. R. F. Johnston, C.B.E. (on left), the Emperor's English tutor, and Secretary to the Delegation. The Emperor, it may be recalled, was born in 1906, and succeeded his uncle, Kuang-hsu, as an infant of two, under the name of Hsuan Tung. When China became a Republic

in 1912, he abdicated, but retained the Imperial title, and continued to live in the Palace of the Forbidden City at Peking. In October 1922, he was betrothed to the daughter of Jung Yuan, a Manchu noble, and the wedding was celebrated on December 1 of the same year. In November 1924 the ex-Emperor was expelled from Peking by the Christian General, and went to live with his father—as a State prisoner. Later, Mr. Johnston took him to the Legation Quarter for safety, and there he stayed in the Japanese Legation. In the spring of last year, he went to Tientsin, where he lived in the Japanese Concession.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE VAPOURER-MOTH CATERPILLAR—OR INFANTS WITH ARMS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IT is by no means necessary to take long excursions into the country for the purpose of studying natural history. Even in London parks themes which will suffice for a lifetime can easily be found.

This year has been a great year for the Vapourer moth. Its caterpillars have swarmed everywhere, and few green things, save the grass, have escaped their ravages, for they do not, like some species, refuse everything save one particular "food-plant." Willow and poplar seem to be their favourite trees, but the lowlier weeds and the more precious plants in the garden servethem equally well. My own poor little patch has been called upon to pay a serious levy. I have—or rather, I had—a very precious little spindle-tree, but every leaf has been destroyed, though I have slain the marauders by the score. They come like a thief in the night, and promptly remove every effort the poor

BROWN AND BLACK, WITH RIMS OF WHITE TUFTS ALONG THE SIDES: THE CATERPILLAR OF THE DRINKER MOTH.

plant makes to repair the damage. If there be any life in it yet, all may even now be well, for the general exodus has begun.

In myriads these hairy creatures are scuttling away, like schoolboys off for the holidays, to await their wings, if I may put it so. Those which had passed their days of infancy on trees have wisely elected to stay there—the kindly corrugations of the bark afford them all they need. But such as have been feeding on the evanescent flower-borders, or on weeds of various kinds, have had to make all speed to new quarters, as though conscious that shelter could no longer be found here and that their days of movement were numbered. And so they have embarked on a general stampede for more permanent abiding places. They are climbing up walls like so many "cat-burglars," creeping under the rails of fences, and even, in their haste, settling down on the walls of corrugated iron buildings. And as soon as they have decided that they can no further go, they begin, after a brief spell of quiescence, to spin a silken tent wherein to undergo that strange and miraculous change which will enable them, presently, to creep forth to enjoy a brief but hectic time as creatures of the upper air, rushing hither and thither, on wings superbly made, so many gay Lotharios in search of mates. This, at any rate, is true of the males. For the females there is another and less glorious fate, for they are wingless. But that is another story.

Having said so much, I want now to return to the caterpillars. For, however undesirable as inmates of a garden, it cannot be denied that they are creatures of singular beauty. I have said that they are hairy, but this is by no means an adequate description. The

general coloration of the body, then, is of a violet or smoky grey, relieved by dots and transverse bands of light vermillion, the transverse bands on the centre of the body crossing a longitudinal stripe of velvety black. The hairs are arranged in tufts, and four of these are particularly conspicuous, for they are yellow, and look like so many miniature shaving-brushes. A long tuft of black hairs projects above the tail, and a pair of similar tufts project from the head forwards. These black tufts are particularly interesting, because, when examined with a magnifying

glass, or, better still, under a microscope, they are found to be barbed along their whole length, and to spread out at the tip into a feather-like structure.

These hairy tufts are common to all the "Tussock-moths," to which tribe the Vapourer belongs, each species having a characteristic coloration. But they are in no case merely ornamental. Their purpose, indeed, is quite otherwise. They



ENCASED IN AN ARMOUR OF SHINING BLACK RELIEVED BY SPOTS OF WHITE BEARING TUFTS OF WHITE AND YELLOW HAIR: THE CHRYSALIS OF THE WHITE SATIN MOTH.

The chrysalis of the White Satin moth is black with a highly polished surface, relieved by large white spots bearing tufts of hair, the hindmost tufts being bright yellow. In the middle line of the body are large white, hairless spots. The cast skin is seen above, and to the left.

form, as a matter of fact, a very effective armature against the attacks of birds and other enemies. Even man himself, unless he be very horny-fingered, handles them at his peril, for some of these, more particularly the caterpillars of the brown and yellow-tail moths, produce a very painful irritation, especially if the hairs are thus inadvertently conveyed to the face, producing an irritated surface simulating the skin trouble known to the doctors as "Urticaria." And this because these hairs easily break off from the creature's body—they are meant to—and, piercing the skin of the unwary, introduce at the same time some irritant poison not yet positively identified.

But these hairs have yet other uses. Just before pupation the caterpillar spins a delicate silken shell, and beneath this yet another, into which it contrives to weave a felting of these hairs. Then it sheds the whole skin, and leaves it, and the remaining

hairs attached thereto, at the end of the inner case. Thus it is still protected by its poison-darts, for birds cannot help but seeing them through the transparent web of silk. A glance suffices! But a near relation of the Vapourer, the Yellow-tail moth, goes yet further, and puts these hairs to a most remarkable use—or, at any rate, the female does, "for the

female of the species is more dangerous than the male"! The body of the caterpillar is studded with tens of thousands of these poison-darts, and they are shed within the cocoon as in the case of the Vapourer. When the time for the emergence of the female arrives, before quitting her temporary winding-sheet she swings her tail round and round the inside



SHOWING THEIR CAST-OFF SKINS AND TORN SILKEN WEB: THE CHRYSALIS OF A MALE AND A FEMALE VAPOURER MOTH.

The female caterpillar is larger and less brilliantly coloured than the male, and this difference in size is strongly marked in the chrysalis, which is glossy black and also hairy, though less so than the caterpillar. The cast skin of the caterpillar is seen to the left in each case in the above photograph. The torn silken web is seen to the right of the tail of the female chrysalis.

of the silken web, and a tangled mass of these hairs adheres, so that she appears in the light of day a fairy-like creature in pure white, with a golden tail! This ornament is present in both sexes, and in both is composed of harmless hairs; but the female adds to hers the tangled mass of her caterpillar garment, for a purpose.

This is attained when she comes to lay her eggs. For with each batch she leaves a tuft of these poison-darts, placed now with their points uppermost. So that the enemy who would feast upon the eggs must first eat the darts! But we have not yet finished with the Vapourer caterpillar. This, like all its relations, possesses two small, reversible glands on the back. When alarmed, these can be turned inside out, and then appear as scarlet beads, covered with a moist secretion, which apparently has an offensive odour, though too subtle for our nostrils. But the caterpillar of the Swallow-tailed butterfly has similar glands, and these give out an unmistakable smell which has been likened to rotting pine-apples.

Finally, a word about another "tussock-moth," the White Satin moth, which is a common species in the South of England, and even in London. But it is of the chrysalis that I would speak. This is encased in an armour of shining black, relieved by spots of white bearing tufts of white and of yellow hair. Each hair, when examined with a lens, will be found to be set in a delicate ring of black. Black and white, like black and red, or red and yellow, are "warning colours"; and so the silken webs, outer and inner, are made transparent, that the hint of nastiness may be conveyed at once to prospective marauders. In the adjoining photograph the silken shroud has been removed, so as to display the chrysalis. Above the body, to the right, will be seen the remains of the shrunken, hairy skin of the caterpillar.



WITH HAIRS EXTREMELY IRRITATING TO SENSITIVE SKINS: THE CATERPILLAR OF THE GOLD-TAILED MOTH.



A PLAGUE NOW PREVALENT IN THE LONDON PARKS: A CATERPILLAR OF THE VAPOURER MOTH.

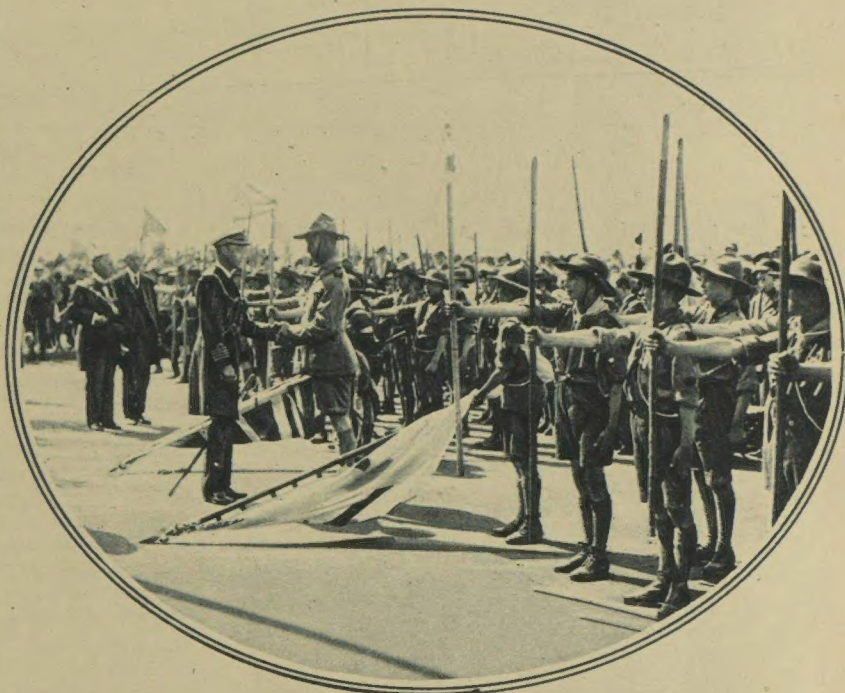
When the Vapourer caterpillar is at rest the long tufts of feather-like black hairs on each side of the head are placed close to the leaf, like a pair of legs. The tail tuft is raised, while the yellow tufts are very conspicuous.

THE FIRST FREEMAN OF THE NEW CITY: THE PRINCE AT PORTSMOUTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND BARRATT.



WALKING THROUGH A TUMULTUOUS SEA OF CHILDREN: THE PRINCE IN ALEXANDRA PARK, PORTSMOUTH.

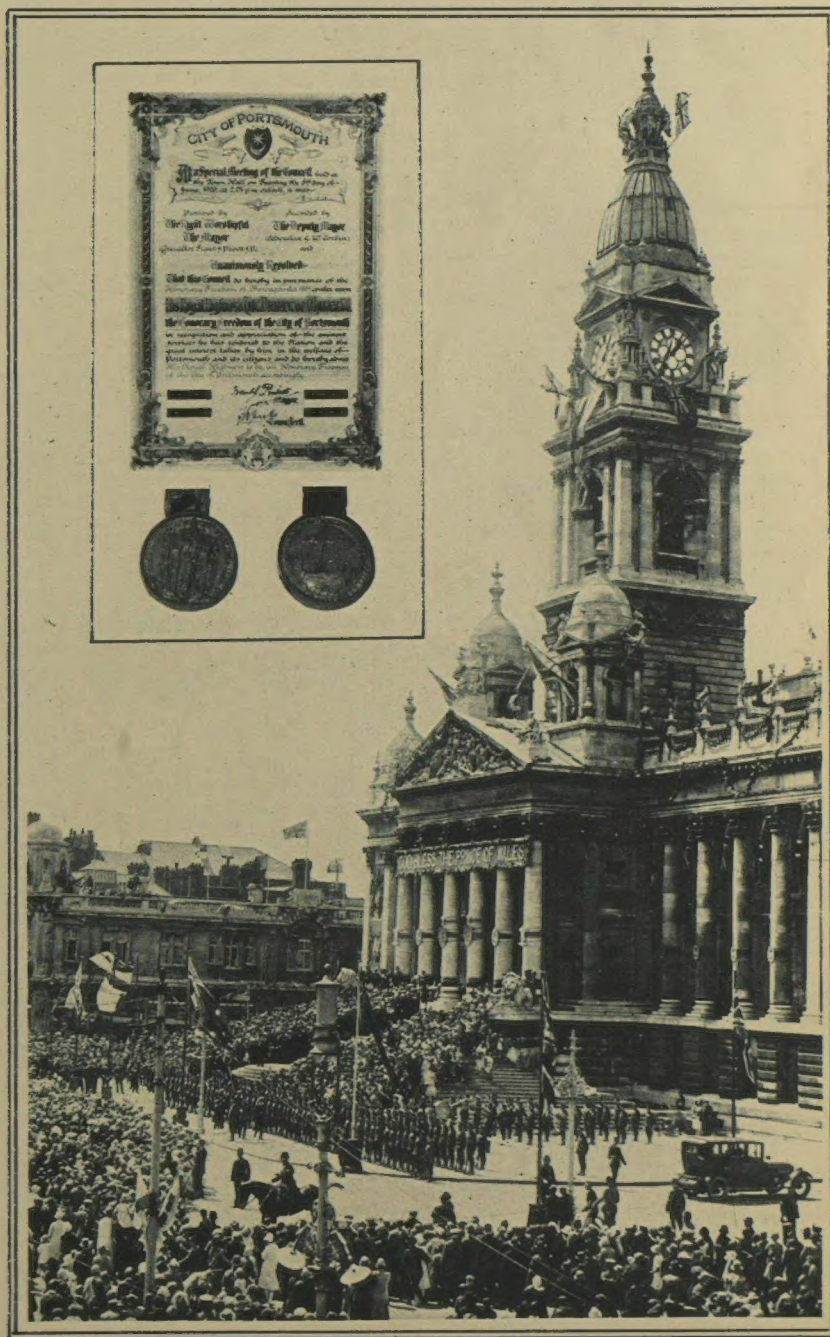


WITH STAVES OUTSTRETCHED AND COLOURS AT THE SALUTE: THE BOY SCOUTS INSPECTED BY THE PRINCE.



WHERE HE INSPECTED A PARADE OF EX-SERVICE MEN: THE PRINCE LEAVING THE PORTSMOUTH CENOTAPH.

On Friday, July 23, the Prince of Wales visited Portsmouth to receive the Freedom of that city. He was the first recipient of the honour since the town attained its present civic dignity, but there are several royal personages and four Heirs-Apparent included in the roll of Freemen of the Borough, and, in the course of his tour of the town, the Prince was reminded of the famous associations of the port by a series of interesting tableaux portraying the Kings and Queens of England who have stayed at Portsmouth for varying periods, from 1086 to the



WAITING TO GREET THE CITY'S FIRST FREEMAN: THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL.

eighteenth century. The Prince inspected the 1st Batt. Royal Scots Fusiliers, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief, and a parade of ex-Service men at the Cenotaph; and he also visited the Alexandra Park, where he inspected Boy Scouts and was loudly cheered by 13,000 children, who sang and danced for him. A crowd of 20,000 people packed the square when his Royal Highness arrived at the Guildhall to receive the Freedom. A photograph of the scroll commemorating the event is inset above.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."—THE COLISEUM.—THE "PLAY OF EMPIRE."

"YOU English love the theatre for its players, not its plays—Shakespeare always excepted across the Thames and at Stratford-on-Avon, and in some provincial centres."

That was the summary of Camille Maurice, a Belgian journalist who had come to London to interview, as he called it, the English theatre "*sur le vif*."



BACK IN LONDON AFTER A SUCCESSFUL SEASON IN NEW YORK: MISS HELEN HAYE.

Miss Helen Haye has just returned after an absence of ten months in New York, where she has made a conspicuous success as Lady Maria Frinton in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyne," and as Mrs. Borkman in Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman," at the Fulton Theatre.

He came, he said, as an objective observer. He went on his own as a paying guest. He did not apply for the usual courtesy which our managers so willingly grant to foreign Pressmen; he made no acquaintances in the theatrical world; he never met actor, author, or manager. "So you see, I am as clean as a whistle," as Noel Coward said on the first night of "Hay Fever," at the Ambassadors, at which our visitor was present—in the pit after a long wait. It was his first experience, and he found it a funny one. They told him to go very early, and when he arrived he saw a man who held out to him a little stool with the offer "sixpence for the wait." It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. There were two dozen people neatly filed in their seats in front of him. "After a while they opened little bags and paper parcels and began to eat. Some had a thermos. I had taken no provisions; the idea never occurred to me. But they would not let me wait hungry and unquenched. A girl gracefully tendered me the paperful of sandwiches; a man proffered a full cup from the thermos without a word. After that—silence; the men pored over their papers, the women over novels; some knitted. Behind me a couple reminisced, talked shop; knew all about Marie (Tempest). But their knowledge was not very popular; they were strafed with looks, and took some needlework from their reticules. I put into my little book:

"Observation No. 1: The English are the most hospitable—and the most stoical—playgoers in the world. N.B.—The man with the chairs makes about £12 a week. Ingenuity pays."

"When the doors opened there was thronging but no push. In Paris or Brussels it would be a miserable quarter of an hour in a squash, with angry language and here and there a scuffle as extra amenities. Here all works as regularly as a procession. A 'Don't push' was a solitary reproachful repression, accompanied by such contemptuous glances from many eyes as make the culprit dwarf at sight. And so to our seats alertly but orderly. First in a front place and so forth.

"Observation No. 2 I pencilled in the little book: 'To be English stands for law and order. Bad manners are not tolerated in the pit—in the pit (italics!)'"

As he read this, he asked me: "Can you tell me why the West-End Englishman, generally so polite, hardly ever says, 'Thank you' when he passes you in the stalls or dress circle and compels you to get up—a frequent disturbance in the middle of the performance, notably by late-comers?" I had no explanation to offer; could but endorse the soft impeachment.

He also wanted to know why the programme-girls were allowed to urge tea or chocolates on you and make you feel small when, in company of a lady, you decline the offer. Or why a cloak-room attendant on hot summer days almost barred your passage with "Won't you leave your hat and stick?" or "Cloak-room this way."

I explained the system to him, the letting of bars and programmes and cloak-rooms to firms of caterers, one of those old traditions which are sometimes broken down to bob up serenely like the Phoenix. I also tried to persuade him that the English are a long-suffering race, always grumbling yet full of tolerance. But his critical attitude was unshaken; and I could only leave him to marvel at our insular peculiarities.

Once a week, by way of leavening my impressions of the theatre, I spend an afternoon at the Coliseum in the festive mood of the schoolboy on holiday. And every time—again in the schoolboy spirit—I come away with greater knowledge of human versatility and with wonderment at the ingenuity of some of the performers. The Coliseum programme is an ever-turning kaleidoscope; there is rarely a dull number in it, and over and over again have I heard foreigners say: "It is the best entertainment of its kind in the world!" They might have added "and the cleanest." It is the kind of show to which no child need be afraid to take its parents. Here, for once, reigns a Jack-of-all-trades who is a master of many. The dancing, the ballad-singing, the duettists—oh! how sweet the Dodge Twins and how 'cute the Houston Sisters, little geniuses both and sprites to boot!—are tip-top. Mr. Croxton, the manager, does not only know what the public wants, he knows how to find it too. Now and again a clever sketch bobs up between the turns—as, for instance, "You Can't Beat Them," that delightfully witty *pochade* by Edwin Burke, which teaches the wholesome lesson to stingy husbands that charity begins at home; in the exquisite roguishness and charm of Miss Yvonne Arnaud, whose smile is bewitching and whose slight French accent adds piquant sauce to the dialogue. And then there are gymnasts, the Serlany Troupe, who bring the art of *tableaux vivants* to the most daring *tours de force* imaginable: a number as picturesque as it is amazing by its display of individual strength and combined agility. And then there are Layton and Johnstone, singing of joys and woes and wooing in the fervour of Southern emotion. And then—but this is not a catalogue; it is merely a dip into and a sip of the flowing bowl that bubbles twice a day for the delectation of London citizens, country cousins, and countless visitors from across the seas.

A letter from Sir Alfred Butt bears eloquent testimony to the wide circulation of *The Illustrated London News*. Our readers may remember that a few weeks ago in this page I developed the idea of a "Play of Empire," and that Sir Alfred Butt promptly took it up; promised that all plays should

be read, and that, if he found one suitable for Drury Lane, he would tender the author £1000 in advance of royalties. He now informs us that "as a result of the publicity that has been given to your article, I am being inundated with applications from people who desire to send me plays, and to each and all I am sending a circular setting forth that every play sent in will be duly read and that authors should send their manuscripts to Drury Lane accompanied by a stamped envelope for return."

But Sir Alfred, feeling that the flood is upon him, is well aware that to read all the manuscripts would be beyond one man's power, and, as he has been good enough to consult me and to invite my co-operation, the following procedure is contemplated.

In the first instance all the plays will be perused by a well-known reader, who will express his opinion in a short précis. He will conscientiously weed out and lay aside the unsuitable works, and make a selection of such plays as would be in every way appropriate to the size, the resources, and the public of Drury Lane. On his recommendation, the latter will be handed over to me for perusal and further sorting. Finally, I will pick, say, half a dozen from the remaining bunch and forward them, with appreciation, to Sir Alfred Butt, to whom, of course, the casting vote is left.

For the benefit of would-be competitors, I once more recall Sir Alfred's own opinion as to the nature of the Empire play: "Our world-wide Empire offers endless opportunities for beautiful stage-pictures, colour, drama, dancing, and spectacular effects—with the one reservation, that the play must in itself be entertaining and attractive, and not propaganda, otherwise it would not achieve its object."

To this I would only add that henceforward all plays should be sent in to "Sir Alfred Butt, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," bearing on the envelope the note: "Play of Empire." So far, Sir Alfred has not fixed a time limit for the closing of the competition, but if, as may be foreseen, the influx of plays be overwhelming, he will in due course close the list and announce the approximate date of the award—if any, for he does not bind himself to accept a play unless it meets with all his requirements.

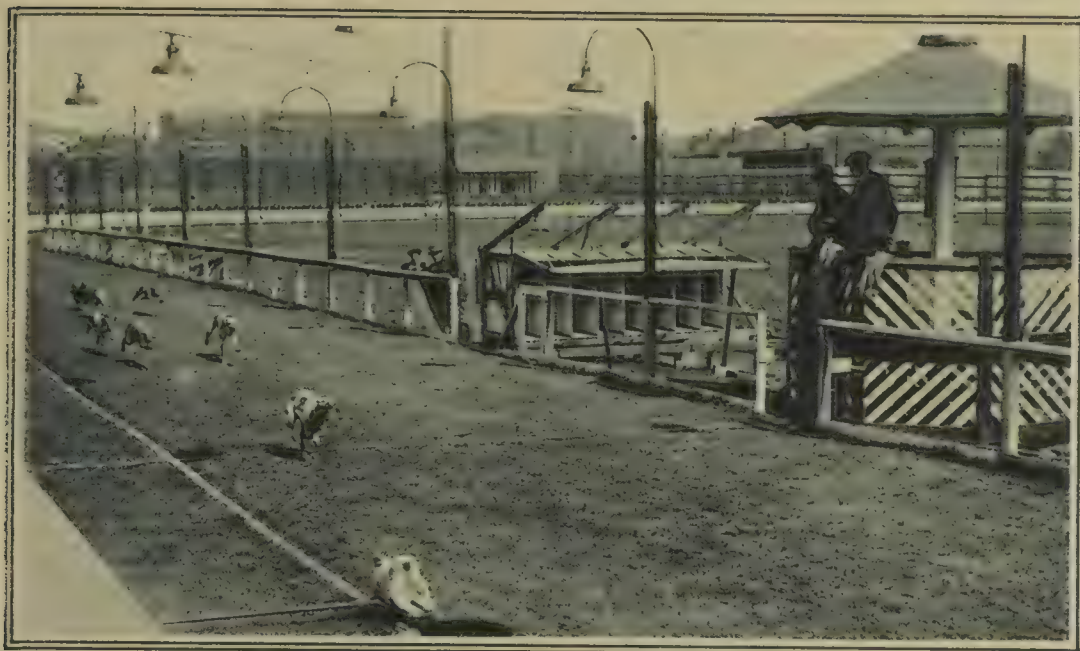


AMERICA'S MUCH-TALKED-OF AND VERY TALKATIVE "AFTER-DINNER" COMEDIAN IN LONDON: MR. WILL ROGERS, WHO IS APPEARING IN "COCHRAN'S REVUE" AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Mr. Will Rogers, who is said to be the highest paid professional after-dinner speaker in the world, and to have refused £800 a week to appear at a well-known supper-club in London, is appearing in "Cochran's Revue", in which he makes a series of racy comments on people and on topical events, a feature for which he is famous in the United States.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]

SPORT AND PAGEANTRY: AN ELECTRIC HARE; THE TEST; A CARNIVAL.

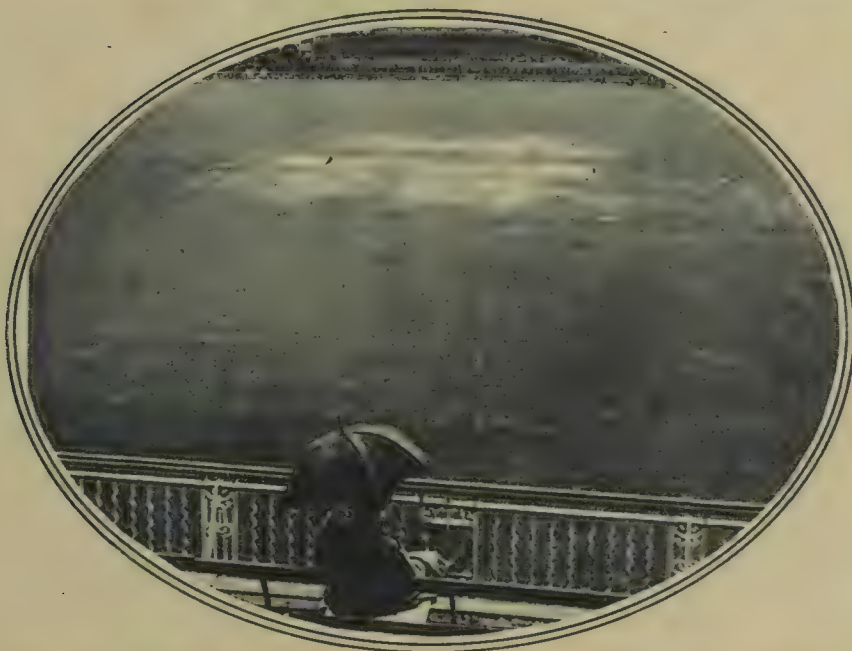
PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., C.N., ILLUS. BUREAU, AND TOPICAL.



THE MILE-A-MINUTE ELECTRIC HARE PASSING THE WINNING-POST: NOVEL GREYHOUND RACES AT MANCHESTER—ON THE RIGHT OF THE JUDGE'S BOX, A STARTING-"GATE."



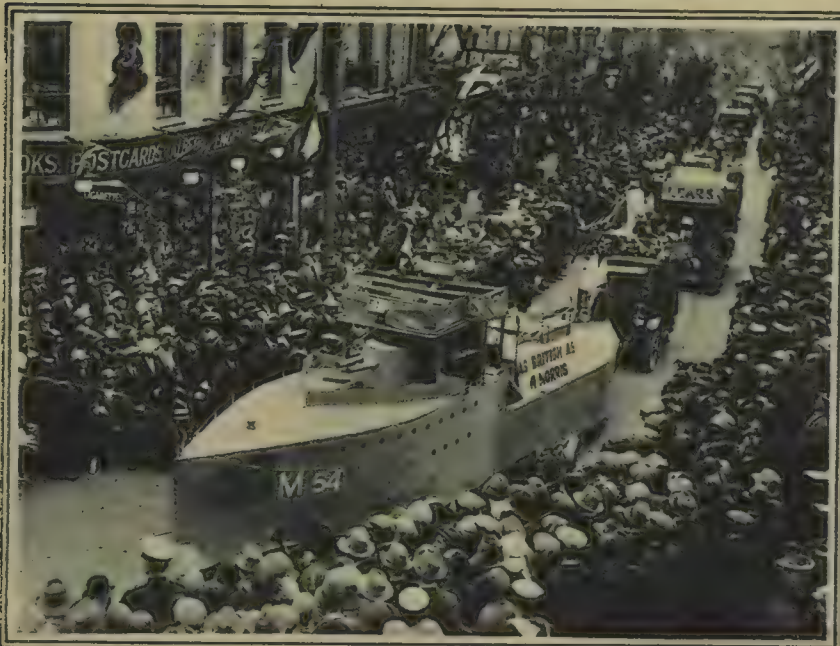
GOING TO EARTH AFTER COMPLETING THE COURSE: THE ELECTRICALLY-CONTROLLED HARE AT MANCHESTER—AT THE BACK, THE CONTROL TOWER.



WET ONCE MORE! ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE TEST MATCH AT OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER, WHEN PLAY WAS ABANDONED AFTER SIX MINUTES!

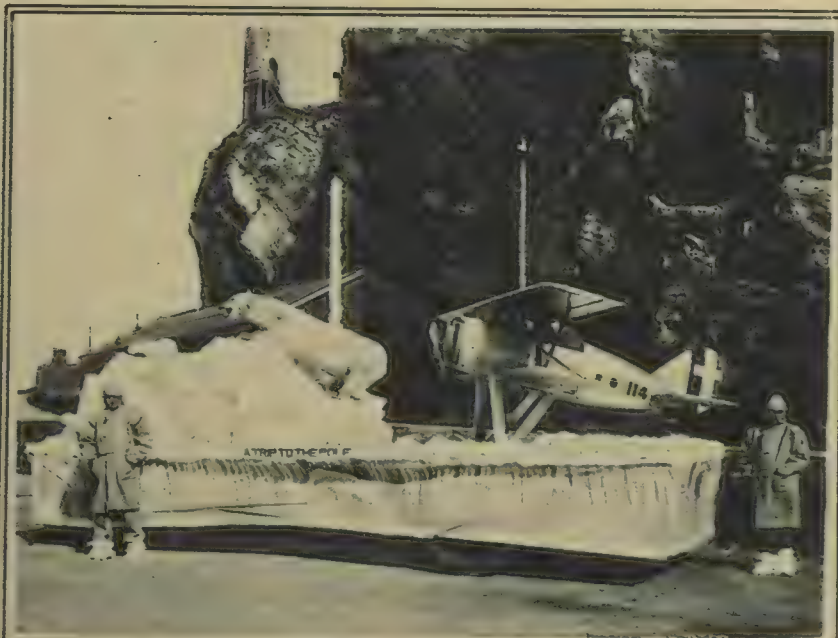


MANCHESTER THINKING IN ADVANCE: THE "OWN-RISK" NOTICE OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS BEFORE THE TEST MATCH.



DISGUISED AS A WAR-SHIP: A CAR IN THE TWO-MILE LONG PLYMOUTH PAGEANT.

A novel course for the racing of greyhounds was inaugurated at Manchester on Saturday, July 24. The procedure is very similar to that on an ordinary race-course, as there are a parade, a starting-"gate," and a finish in front of the judge's box. An electrically-controlled hare, which can be operated at a-mile-a-minute, races up the course just ahead of the leading hound, controlled by levers from the tower shown in the background of the photograph on the right at the top of this page.—The Test Match at Manchester, the fourth of the series, was even more unfortunate and fruitful of incident than its predecessors. Owing to the deluge of rain, the first day's play was abandoned after six minutes' play,

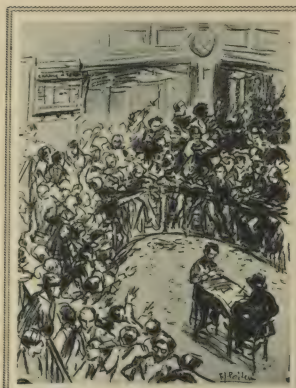


"A TRIP TO THE POLE" IN PLYMOUTH'S CARNIVAL WEEK PROCESSION: THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TABLEAU FOR THE PAGEANT.

which produced six runs for Australia. On the second day Carr went down with tonsillitis, and Hobbs captained the team—the first time in which a professional has done so in England. The last time England had a professional as skipper was in 1886-7, when, in Australia, Arthur Shrewsbury led the side. The second day's play was sensational, for the Australians collapsed after a magnificent stand by Macartney and Woodfull, each of whom got centuries. The day's play closed for 322 for 8.—Plymouth Carnival week, which was a brilliant success, terminated in a procession two miles long. Over a hundred thousand people witnessed the various water and land pageants which made up the week's events.

THE FLUCTUATIONS IN THE VALUE OF THE FRANC: AT THE

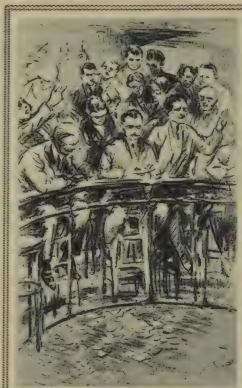
SKETCHES BY P. J. POTTEVIN;



AT THE HOUR OF THE MONEY MARKET: THE "CORBELLE" OF THE PARIS BOURSE—IN THE CENTRE A QUOTER AND HIS CLERK.



WITH HIS CALCULATING MACHINE BEFORE HIM: A SELLER IN THE BOURSE DURING THE TUMULTUOUS TIMES OF BUSINESS.



SITTING ROUND THE "CORBELLE": AGENTS DE CHANGE, THE MONOPOLISTS WHO CONTROL THE TRANSACTIONS IN THE BOURSE.



EAGER TO HEAR THE LATEST QUOTATIONS IN THE PARIS STOCK EXCHANGE: BROKERS CROWDING INTO THE BOURSE.

In view of the fluctuations in the value of the franc and the various crises caused by this vacillation of the French currency, the Bourse, the Stock Exchange of Paris, is of particular interest. The following notes give an idea of its workings. By law, the 'Agents de Change' have the monopoly of all transactions in French Rentes and stocks and shares officially quoted on the Bourse. They form a syndicate which is composed of seventy firms; and each firm, in addition to its partners, has ten of its principal clerks authorised to deal on the Bourse—a municipal building for the use of which the syndicate pays a yearly rent of nearly one half-million francs to the City of Paris. Various markets are held on the first floor, which is divided into several rooms in the centre of which is 'la Corbelle,' or the reserved enclosure, to which the 'Agents de Change' alone have access. This inner ring is erected on the 'Parquet' (or platform, raised about forty centimetres above the general floor), to which gently sloping planes lead. At a short distance from this, as our photograph shows, is a rail behind which stand, at allotted places, the authorised clerks (two for each firm) and the general public. Orders are passed to the 'Agents' by attendants, who receive them from the clerks or the clients behind the outer ring. They are written on slips folded in such a way that only the name of the 'Agent' is visible. These orders 'during session' are added to those the 'Agent' has brought with him. Quotations are 'shouted' on all sides; quantities

PARIS BOURSE; AND THE "MINISTRY OF NATIONAL UNION."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A.



THE INNER RING TO WHICH NONE BUT THE AGENTS DE CHANGE HAVE RIGHT OF ACCESS: THE "CORBELLE"—BY THE CIRCULAR RAIL, THE AGENTS; OUTSIDE THE RING, CLERKS AND CLIENTS.



FRANCE'S "MINISTRY OF NATIONAL UNION": FRONT ROW (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT): M. BRIAND (FOREIGN AFFAIRS); M. POINCARÉ (PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF FINANCE); M. DOUMERGUE (THE FRENCH PRESIDENT); M. BARTHOU (JUSTICE, AND ALSACE AND LORRAINE); M. LOUIS MARIN (PENSIONS); SECOND ROW: M. HERRIOT (EDUCATION); M. PAINLEVÉ (WAR); M. ALBERT SARRAUT (INTERIOR); THIRD ROW: M. GEORGES LEYGUES (MARINE); M. LEON FERRIER (COLONIES); M. ANDRÉ TARDIEU (PUBLIC WORKS); M. ANDRÉ FALLIÈRES (LABOUR). BACK ROW: M. BOKANOWSKI (COMMERCE); M. QUEVILLE (AGRICULTURE).

are not necessarily mentioned. Around 'la Corbelle,' on busy days, reigns such a cross-fire of offers and demands that an outsider would feel himself utterly lost. However bad the noise is, the room may be considered as a restful place compared with the ground-floor hall. On the 'For Cash' market, things are different. Quotations are not shouted. Orders are concentrated in the Syndicate's room before 11.15 a.m., at which time they are handed to clerks known as 'quoters for cash,' each of whom receives seventy slips (one for each 'Agent') concerning orders booked by his firm. Thence they go to a clearing chamber, where quotations are definitely fixed. Orders given at those rates have to be executed—at least, in part. At 2.30 p.m. a bell announces the close of the market. Quotations are published in the twenty-four page 'Bulletin de la Cote Officielle,' in which are quoted about 1500 stocks and shares. The first copies are on sale at 3.30 p.m. It is estimated that the Syndicate's Guarantee Fund amounts to Frs. 500,000,000.—On July 23 it was announced that M. Poincaré had formed a Cabinet which might well be called a "Ministry of National Union," as it included members of all the political groups, except the Communists, the Socialists, and the Democrats of the Extreme Right. There are six former Premiers in it: MM. Poincaré, Barthou, Briand, Painlevé, Leygues, and Herriot.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THIS week I am going to talk mainly about books of homeland topography. As I am at the moment making holiday in the Dickensian county of Kent, however, I will begin with one that is not itself a travel-book, but contains extracts from the works of a novelist intimately associated with localities.

For readers of *The Illustrated London News* there is also a domestic interest in "SOME DICKENS WOMEN," by Edwin Charles (T. Werner Laurie; 16s. net), since the Foreword is contributed by the writer of "Our Notebook." Mr. Chesterton playfully alludes to the Dickens Fellowship as "a body whose buoyant vitality was once sufficient even to support the incubus of myself as a president." He blesses the book as the work of a good Dickensian, but with certain qualifications. "I regret," he writes, "the omission of any study of Mrs. Wilfer. . . . I disapprove of any disparagement of Miss Bates even for the glorification of Mrs. Nickleby. . . . But I am not going to begin any of my arguments with Mr. Edwin Charles at present; at any rate, not in public. I am content to salute him as one of the fellowship who keep alive the one really living tradition of a literary personality that exists in our time."

Mr. Charles has segregated from Dickens's own works a series of famous women characters, by grouping together passages relating to them, linked into a continuous narrative by connecting paragraphs. Twelve "short stories," as it were, are thus formed, having as their central figures Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Lirriper, Miss Havisham and Estella, the Marchioness, Sairey Gamp, Mrs. Sparsit, Mme. Defarge, the barmaids at Mugby Junction, Miss Wardle, Dora Copperfield, Lizzie Hexam, and Betsy Trotwood. A thirteenth and final chapter, entitled "Dickens and the Softer Sex," deals generally with his feminine creations, and introduces various other examples. Even those here mentioned suffice to show, I think, that the most notable women of Dickens, with a few exceptions, were those "of a certain age." He excelled at portraying elderly oddities rather than romantic youth, and he may almost be said to have invented the comic woman. Mr. Charles points out that the number of characters in Dickens is nearly sixteen hundred, of whom over a third are women, so that the task of selection was difficult. The results of his rearrangement and abridgements will certainly appeal to the Dickens enthusiast, though the general reader, I imagine, may still prefer the novels themselves.

Dickens could hardly escape notice in such a book as "A LITERARY MAN'S LONDON," by Charles G. Harper, illustrated by the Author (Cecil Palmer; 12s. 6d. net), but he receives only a few allusions, along with drawings of Mr. Tulkinghorn's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields (actually the home of John Forster) and of the so-called "Old Curiosity Shop," which the author mentions chiefly to refute its authenticity. Dickens here falls into perspective, for in recalling literary associations Mr. Harper ranges freely over the centuries, and gives proof that he possesses a historical knowledge of London that is extensive, if not peculiar. His volume contains much that is amusing in the way of anecdote and personal reminiscences, especially of Fleet Street journalism, but there is a tone of acerbity about some of his comments on men and books which I find slightly repellent.

Foreigners often learn more about London than the average Londoner; and we owe to the researches of a Swedish resident a little book that holds much topographical lore—"CITY STREET NAMES," the Origin of the Names of the Streets, Lanes, Alleys, and Courts of the City of London, by Louis Zettersten (Selwyn and Blount; 3s. 6d. net). The first edition, published privately in 1917, was the fruit of fifteen years' study of the City, "chiefly during lunch intervals," supplemented by reading in the evening. The results are given in dictionary form, with the names in alphabetical order. As a hardened luncher in or near the City for some thirty years, I feel myself put to shame by this industrious Swede, who shows me what opportunities I have neglected by a too strict attention to the inner man. He also offers a new theory as to the derivation of "London," a corruption, he believes, of the name Lund, or Lunden, given by the Norse invaders, and meaning a sacred grove. "There is still," he writes, "a place in Yorkshire called Lund, evidently of Swedish origin."

From the dust of City streets and thoughts of stuffy City lunches it is refreshing to turn, on a sultry July day, to "RIVER THAMES," by F. V. Morley, illustrated in colour

and with maps by Laurence Irving (Methuen; 16s. net). The book is described as "an account of the adventures and enjoyment of three men in a boat—a phrase that inevitably recalls Jerome K. Jerome's popular story, the pioneer of what was once called 'the new humour.'" I am of those who can still laugh over the simple vicissitudes of George and Harris, but in Mr. Morley's book I find a subtler comedy on a higher intellectual plane. I hesitate to call it a highbrow counterpart of "Three Men in a Boat," because the word "highbrow" suggests a sneer which I certainly do not intend. With that qualification, perhaps the comparison may stand.

"River Thames" is a long, leisurely book, and a delightful blend of personal experience with topographical appreciations and literary allusions. The "three men" are the writer, the painter, and "Crump the Banker," who, like Harris—or was it George?—wears a startling blazer. The description of him will indicate the general tone. "He is a little man, short, stoutish, rubicund, as though born to represent the comic element in our narrative. He exudes good humour; has a keen sense of his own fun, a keener sense of his own seriousness. How he became allied with

of course, to catch an oyster.

I have not succeeded; but I have learned, to my surprise, that even oysters can be kidnapped from their native beds, for a notice posted on the offices of the Oyster Fishery Company offers £50 reward for the detection of an unauthorised dredge. I have not caught the £50 either.

Many another holiday is revived in my mind by a pleasant and practical American travel-book on this country, entitled "SO YOU'RE GOING TO ENGLAND," by Clara E. Laughlin, with twenty-four illustrations (Methuen; 10s. 6d. net). It is both brightly written and informative. The author's allusion to Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*, recalls to me a recent visit to the Middle Temple Hall, in London, which she may like to know contains a table made from planks of that historic ship. When, a few summers ago, I crossed the Solent from Lymington to Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, I was unaware of the fact, mentioned by Miss Laughlin, that it was this sea passage which inspired Tennyson, in his eighty-first year, to write "Crossing the Bar."

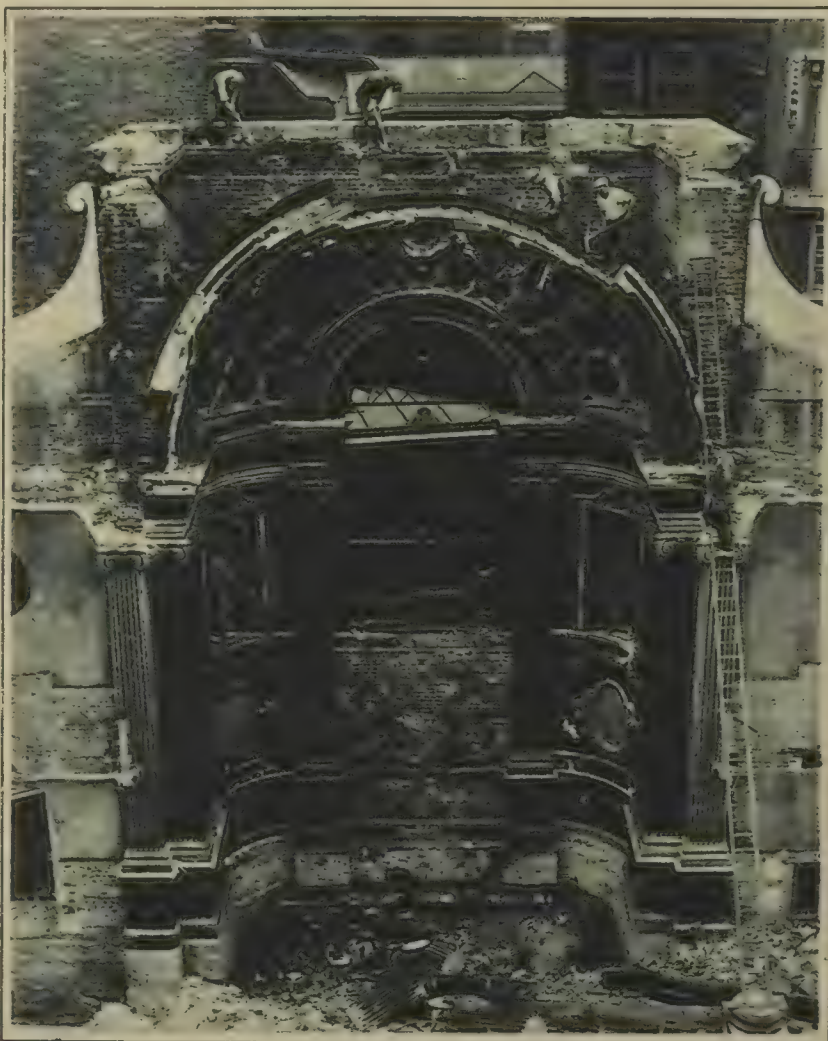
I was particularly interested to learn what an American writer might have to say about Cornwall, and to find that Miss Laughlin advises those with limited time, who wish to see what is "typical," to omit the Duchy from a first tour of this country, as being so distinct from the rest of England, just as Brittany is distinct from the rest of France. I should like to remind her, however, that Bude and Tintagel, which she includes in a suggested visit to North Devon, are both on the Cornish coast. Something of that strangeness that still belongs to the land west of the Tamar is expressed in a volume of stories and sketches called "ECHOES IN CORNWALL," by C. C. Rogers (Lane; 6s. net). Miss Rogers can convey a sense of the weird and the uncanny, as in the tale of the professor possessed by the spirit of Tregeagle. She has also a sense of Cornish humour, as in the dialect yarns told at the Punch Bowl and Ladle Inn, "at the end of a market day in Rosevidney."

In a rather similar vein are two very charming and entertaining books of rural sketches and essays expressing the spirit of the English countryside. One hails from Somerset—"THEY'M TELLIN' ME," by Alfred Percivall (Mills and Boon; 8s. 6d. net)—a book that describes the joys and sorrows of village life with much humour and pathos. The author has a masterly command of local dialect, and portrays the characters with infinite sympathy. The latter quality is manifest also in "GOLDEN GREEN," by Bart Kennedy (Cecil Palmer; 10s. 6d. net). He begins with some humorous scenes and conversation in a Kentish inn, and goes on to describe the joys of the open road, and the pleasures of walking and of gardening. Mr. Kennedy is a great lover of birds, and several of his essays are rhapsodies on that theme. In the harmony of bird voices he finds a contrast to the philosophy of "men who taught that the main law of life was the law of never-ending struggle and murder." Not for him the idea of "nature red in tooth and claw with ravine"—a condition from which I fear the birds are not exempt.

To return for a moment, before "closing time," to definite topography, as distinct from literary sketches in local colour, I must mention briefly two enticing travel-books—"THE HIGH PEAK TO SHERWOOD: THE HILLS AND DALES OF OLD MERCIA," by Thomas L. Tudor, illustrated (Robert Scott; 7s. 6d. net), and "MOTORING IN SUSSEX AND KENT," by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, with photographs, map, and route summaries (Hodder and Stoughton; 6s. net).

Both these books are full of interesting local history, pleasantly set forth; in fact, the historical element outweighs what might be called the "directional." Mrs. Stawell, it is true, gives a road summary before each chapter, but otherwise she has not much more to say about motoring than Mr. Tudor, who tacitly assumes that his readers will travel by road. Mrs. Stawell's book naturally attracts me now that I am visiting her literary province. Having just made pilgrimage again to the scene of Becket's martyrdom, and trodden streets familiar to David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber, I can applaud with proper pride her dictum that "to those who do not know Canterbury England remains unknown."

C. E. B.



DEMOLISHING ONE OF THE ANCIENT CITY CHURCHES, LEAVING ONLY THE TOWER: HOUSE-BREAKERS AT WORK ON ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH, TOOLEY STREET.

With the demolition of St. Olave's, Tooley Street, built in 1734, the City loses another landmark. The tower is to remain standing. On Monday, July 20, a Bill which contains proposals involving the possible destruction of nineteen City of London churches was passed in the House of Lords, and referred to the House of Commons. On the following day a deputation, consisting of the City Remembrancer and the Sheriffs of the City of London, presented a petition against the Bill at the Bar of the House of Commons, exercising a privilege which had not been used for twenty years.—[Photograph by Photo. Press.]

the scapegrace Gimble, who is for ever making sketches of him, I do not know. The marvels of the alliance, in the Johnsonian phrase, make commonplace the occurrences of the 'Arabian Nights.' Crump is a bachelor with something of the Pickwick, and the soft heart of a Winkle." Mr. Tracy Tupman might have been a better example of a soft heart, but, anyhow, we are thus brought back to Dickens and his many associations with River Thames. "Shepperton Lock," for instance, "claims to be the original of Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, in 'Our Mutual Friend,' where Lizzie Hexam rescued Eugene Wrayburn in the darkness, and where Rogue Riderhood and Bradley Headstone were eventually drowned."

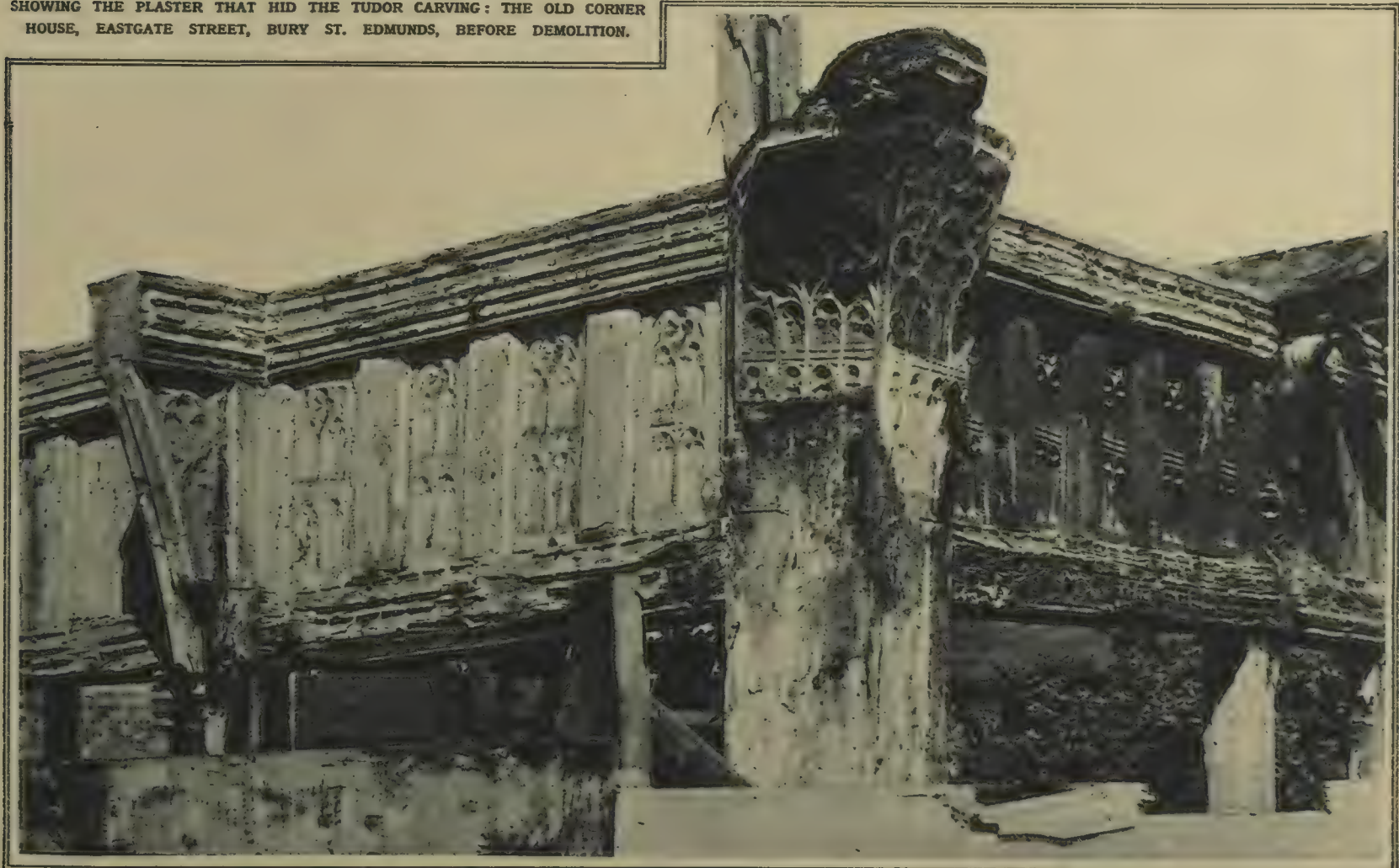
Mr. Morley's book reminds me of a holiday long ago when I made one of three men in a boat, from Richmond up to Lechlade and back. He describes only the return journey of his trio, from source to mouth, bringing them at last to the wide waters of the estuary, which I can see now from the shores of Whitstable, flowing round the Isle of Sheppey. So his book agreeably blends for me old memories with present scenes. My ambition at Whitstable has been,

LONG HIDDEN UNDER PLASTER; NOW REVEALED: TUDOR CARVING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. I. JARMAN.



SHOWING THE PLASTER THAT HID THE TUDOR CARVING: THE OLD CORNER HOUSE, EASTGATE STREET, BURY ST. EDMUNDS, BEFORE DEMOLITION.



AS REVEALED BY THE REMOVAL OF PLASTER DURING THE DEMOLITION: THE FINE GOTHIC PANNELLING AND TRACERY-CARVING OF THE OLD CORNER HOUSE, WHICH IT IS SOUGHT TO RECONSTRUCT.

In our issue of October 11, 1924, we announced the fact that the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings was making efforts to preserve the old Corner House, in Eastgate Street, Bury St. Edmunds. Most unfortunately, the Society's endeavours were unsuccessful, and the building is being pulled down. The correspondent who sends us the photographs reproduced above, writes: "When demolishing some old Tudor houses in Bury St. Edmunds, to widen

the road for motor traffic, some very fine Gothic panelling and tracery-carving on a corner post were brought to light. The accompanying photographs (before demolition, and as it now stands) show how completely the plaster covered what was a most ornate and beautiful house. The advice of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has been sought, with a view to reconstructing it as close as possible to its present site."

"BIG MISSIS" IN AFRICA: THE TRAVELS OF "MARY LEWIS."

"LETTERS FROM THE GOLD COAST." By H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE.*

"A PEOPLE is like a load containing many things—you cannot perceive the contents in a single day." Thus says an Ashanti proverb. Princess Marie Louise cites it and realises its truth. She spent a mere two months in the West Africa that is the Gold Coast; but her tour covered two thousand five hundred miles—three hundred and sixty by rail; the rest by motor—and, even if she is impelled to acknowledge that "the traveller who returns from a journey may tell all he has seen, but he cannot explain all," she saw many places and knew many magic moments. Still better, she found how wonderfully the native has reacted to British rule. Everywhere was the loyalty born of gratitude for protection afforded, justice done, and future assured, loyalty expressed freely and fully, if not often as finely as it was in the speech of the late Queen-Mother of Mampon, when, as representative of the Queen-Mothers and women of Ashanti, she presented a silver stool as a wedding-gift for Princess Mary, saying: "It may be that the King's child has heard of the Golden Stool of Ashanti. That is the stool which contains the soul of the Ashanti nation. All we women of Ashanti thank the Governor exceedingly because he has declared to us that

Her way was by no means a path of roses. The humid heat was very trying; tornadoes were frequent, with solid walls of rain, terrific thunder and blinding lightning; hot wind laden with fine sand lashed the face; dust came in whirling columns, darkening the day; cars and lorries were bogged; spine-pad had to be donned; five grains of quinine were the daily dose; mosquitoes had to be defied behind nets and by impenetrable boots. But the compensations paid for it all. Officials and their wives did their unselfish utmost to entertain; the party, headed by Sir Gordon Guggisberg, the Governor, and Lady Guggisberg, once known to us as the charming Miss Decima Moore, were all the best of "good fellows." "Big Missis's" rubber bath was usually made to "live" by her "boy" when it was most desirable! And, as has been said, the native welcomes were splendid.

A certain part of the time was devoted to what may be called "European" duties. The Princess laid foundation-stones and unveiled memorials, saw Achimota, "a university in embryo . . . founded solely for the training and education of the young African in his own country"; the fine African Hospital at Accra, built at a cost of over £220,000; the Government Sisal Plantation, for the better understanding of that hemp-producing plant; Government schools, technical and otherwise; Cadbury Hall, at Kumasi, a training college for agricultural students, of vital importance, when it is recalled that the Gold Coast yields all but half of the world's supply of cocoa; the gold mines at Obuasi; the marvellous manganese mine at Insuta, "a mountain of iron ore which is being cut away by machinery"; the building of the deep-water harbour at Takoradi, the only possible place on the coast; and the invaluable work of the Churches, including that of the White Fathers and of the White Sisters at Ougadougou, now "a typical Continental town in the heart of Africa" and the site of an aerodrome, for "Ougadougou is intended to be one of the most important French air-stations in this part of Africa; one might describe it as the junction between their Northern and West African colonies."

The rest was pure Africa, an Africa under Western influence but still Africa, the unknown and almost the unknowable, the Moslem and the pagan. There it was that many a chief bared his left shoulder, removed the crown or fillet from his head, and took off his sandals as he was greeted by and greeted his visitors of high rank; that gifts were exchanged, dances given, customs explained; that dress was as exiguous as climate demanded; that polygamy was the rule. There were the drums beaten and the trumpets sounded. There were the Umbrellas of State, the spearmen, the bowmen, and the gunmen, the warriors, the workers, and the willing women.

Princess Marie Louise observed shrewdly and noted well. An extract or two from her letters to her sister "Thora" (Princess Helena Victoria) will suffice to demonstrate the point.

At a palaver in the Northern Territories were the Na of Yendi, paramount Chief of Dagomba and over-lord of the Konkombas and Chakosis, master of ten thousand square miles and 153,000 souls; the Chief of Saralugu; and "a large number of lesser chiefs, the most interesting among them being the Chief of Miong. . . . He has practically no land or subjects under him, but holds the title of The Skin, or Keeper, of the Soul. The skin, which is part of the hereditary possessions of the royal house of Yendi, is used as a seat under a large cushion. In an odd way this reminds me of the Coronation Stone at Westminster Abbey." And, writing of seats, it may be remarked that the Golden Stool has never been sat upon by an Ashanti, not even

by the King himself. "Nor was it allowed to touch the ground. It rested on a specially woven cloth, under which was spread part of an elephant's skin. On very ceremonial occasions it was carried in procession under its own State umbrella, the King following behind it, and his retinue was far inferior in number and splendour to those in attendance on the Golden Stool," for it enshrines the soul of all the Ashantis and contains in its gold-overlaid wood their courage and their strength. Its hiding-place is a mystery.



THE WRITER OF "LETTERS FROM THE GOLD COAST":
H.H. PRINCESS MARIE
LOUISE.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

Then Bosomtwe, the sacred lake of the Ashantis, with taboos they dare not ignore. "No one, for instance, may take a boat on to the waters of this

sacred lake, nor may they use iron fish-hooks, fish-lines, seine nets, or cast nets"; but the natives are resourceful! "As it is, instead of boats, they float on logs, on which they lie face downwards, paddling with their hands with extraordinary rapidity. They net their fish in an ingenious kind of trap made from mats of plaited reed. . . . Even, it is rumoured, they dive for fish and rise to the surface carrying them in their mouths."

Near the Tumu camp was a crocodile pool. "The pool abounds with these horrible-looking creatures; but, strange to say, the villagers can go in and out, filling their water-pots, and even bathing, and are neither attacked nor harmed. The explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon is that the crocodile is the 'familiar spirit' of man—never being assailed—because if he were injured or killed, the man would suffer a like fate—he also never assails." Or is it that, like the sharks of "Aloma," he no like black man's flesh?

So to tales of Queen-Mothers, Kings, and Chiefs and followers, their homes and their habits; Ashantis; Fulani herdsmen; Fra-fras (or "wild-men"), first-rate fighters in the Great War; Lobi warriors with bodies so streaked with white mud that, at a distance, they looked like spatted skeletons; to fighting tribesmen and agriculturists, and the rest—all vastly entertaining, as a Georgian of other years would have had it.

With History, legend, up-to-date fact; and, of course, very rightly, with much praise for an Administration that has done great things and will do greater.

On occasion, Princess Marie Louise, conscious of



SATISFYING THE HUNGER FOR NEWS FROM HOME! THE MAIL-VAN ARRIVES AT TAMALE.

Photograph Reproduced from "Letters from the Gold Coast," by Courtesy of H.H. Princess Marie Louise, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen.

being statistically informative, dreads that she may bore her reader with "Child's Guide to Knowledge (Gold Coast Section)" details. She need have no fear. Her Letters are excellent, and it was a happy thought to give them opportunity of wide circulation.

E. H. G.



ONE OF SEVERAL OCCASIONS: "BOGGED" DURING THE 2140 MILES OF TRAVEL BY MOTOR.

Photograph Reproduced from "Letters from the Gold Coast," by Courtesy of H.H. Princess Marie Louise, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen.

the English will never again ask us to hand over that stool. This stool we give gladly. It does not contain our soul as our Golden Stool does, but it contains all the love of us Queen-Mothers and of our women. The spirit of this love we have bound to the stool with silver fetters just as we are accustomed to bind our own spirits to the base of our stools. We in Ashanti have a law which decrees that it is the daughters of a Queen who alone can transmit royal blood, and that the children of a King cannot be heirs to that stool. This law has given us women a power in this land so that we have a saying which runs: 'It is the woman who bears the man' (i.e., the King). We hear that her law is not so, nevertheless we have great joy in sending her our congratulations, and we pray the great God Nyankopon, on whom men lean and do not fall, whose day of worship is a Saturday, and whom the Ashanti serve just as she serves Him, that He may give the King's child and her husband long life and happiness. . . ."

Palaver after palaver told the same story. "Mary Lewis," as the local scribes were wont to have it, was welcomed sincerely, as the grandchild of Victoria, the Great White Queen, and the cousin—usually, for better understanding, translated the sister—of the King: "Since we came under the white man's King our people have prospered, our children do not know what hunger is, we do not get our cattle stolen, sickness does not kill so many of our people, we are not raided for slaves." Can it be wondered at that she was "dashed" with presents signifying good will?

* "Letters from the Gold Coast." By H.H. Princess Marie Louise. With a Map and Seventy-six Illustrations. (Methuen; 16s. net.)

SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY—BY EDMUND DULAC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND DULAC. COPYRIGHTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



HAMAN MAKES REQUEST FOR HIS LIFE TO ESTHER THE QUEEN.

"... Haman was afraid before the king and the queen. And the king, arising from the banquet of wine in his wrath, went into the palace garden: and Haman stood up to make request for his life to Esther the queen; for he saw that there was evil determined against him by the king. Then the king returned out of the

palace garden into the place of the banquet of wine; and Haman was fallen upon the bed whereon Esther was. Then said the king, Will he force the queen also before me in the house? ... They hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai. Then was the King's wrath pacified."

This is the twelfth and last of the series of beautiful colour-studies of Biblical subjects by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, begun in our Christmas Number for 1925. The first four colour-plates, given therein, illustrated "The Expulsion from Eden," "The Flood," "The Doom of Lot's Wife," and "The Death of Samson." The fifth—"Moses in the Bulrushes"—appeared in our issue of January 9 last; the sixth—"The Fall of Jericho"—in that of March 6; the seventh—"Ruth and Boaz"—in that of March 13; the eighth—"Saul and the Witch of Endor"—in that of April 3; the ninth—"David and Goliath"—in that of May 1; the tenth—"The Judgment of Solomon"—in that of May 29; the eleventh—"Elijah Going up into Heaven"—in that of July 24.

The Lure of the North Sea: Picturesque Yorkshire Resorts.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURS BY FRED TAYLOR R.I. BY COURTESY OF THE L.N.E.R., OWNERS OF THE COPYRIGHT.



"SCARBOROUGH": THE GLORIOUS BATHING BEACH AT YORKSHIRE'S MOST POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORT, WHERE "GREAT CLIFFS FRONT THE SEA ALONG ITS NORTHERN COAST LINE."—BY FRED TAYLOR.



WITH THE GREY RUINS OF THE OLD ABBEY (HIT BY A GERMAN SHELL DURING THE WAR) AND THE CLUSTERING RED ROOFS OF THE TOWN BELOW: "WHITBY"—A WATER-COLOUR BY FRED TAYLOR.

The Yorkshire coast has very many attractions for those who love keen, invigorating air and picturesque scenery. These charming water-colours of Scarborough and Whitby, two of its most popular resorts, are included in Mr. Fred Taylor's sketch-book, "Yorkshire," issued by the London and North Eastern Railway, and containing, besides colour-plates,

many delightful pencil drawings. In a prefatory appreciation of the artist's work, Sir Lawrence Weaver writes: "To me at least he has revealed qualities of Yorkshire that I had dimly felt, perhaps, but not perceived—the largeness of its fabric—the great cliffs that front the sea along its northern coast line."

Workers and Pets: Dogs of Historic Breeds.

AFTER THE PICTURES BY PERSIS KIRKSE (COPYRIGHTED.)



A DESCENDANT OF THE "MASTYVE OR BANDOGGE" DESCRIBED BY DR. CAIUS:
THE BULLDOG.



OF GREAT ANTIQUITY IN CHINA, AND IMPORTED TO ENGLAND IN 1860:
PEKINESE.



WORKERS FOR THE FLOCK-MASTER: THE COLLIE AND THE OLD ENGLISH
SHEEPDOG.



ORIGINALLY WILD, BUT NOW READILY TRAINED AS POLICE-DOG AND WATCH-DOG:
THE ALSATIAN.

The bulldog has been domiciled in this country for several centuries, and, according to the "New Book of the Dog," it is generally admitted to be a descendant of the "valiaunt" Mastive, or Bandog, described by Dr. Caius. According to the same authority, little is known of the early history of the Pekinese, beyond the fact that at the looting of the Summer Palace of Peking, in

1860, bronze effigies of these dogs, known to be more than 2000 years old, were found. The collie is at his best as an assistant to flock-master and drover. The Old English sheep-dog has been supplanted by mongrels to a great extent, but remains a great shepherd dog. The Alsatian is excellent at herding, and as watch-dog and police-dog.

Rock-Angling for "Big Game": A Primitive Struggle Between Man and Fish.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



SKILL AND STAYING POWER PITTED AGAINST SPEED, WEIGHT, AND CUNNING: NEARING THE END OF A GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN AN ANGLER AND AN EIGHTY-POUND KINGFISH ON THE NATAL COAST, SOUTH AFRICA.

Rock-angling on the South African coast is not only one of the most strenuous and exciting of sports, but one of the cleanest and healthiest; for it is subject to strict rules laid down by the South African Sea Anglers' Unions. In fighting the big game fish of these waters, no mechanical check of any kind may be employed upon rod, reel, or line; and the battles with the big fish, which vary in weight from 40 to 150 lb., resolve themselves into primitive struggles between man and fish—skill and staying power on the man's side being pitted against speed, weight, and cunning on the fish's; with

jagged rock, heavy surf, and strong backwash invariably favouring the fish in his own element. Our artist has depicted the closing stages of a prolonged struggle on the south coast of Natal with an 80-lb. kingfish, one of the bravest and best of the sporting monsters and a fighter to the end; and it may interest our readers to know that the fullest information concerning sea-angling in Cape and Natal waters may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

Gems from a Floral Paradise: South African Wild Flowers.

AFTER THE PAINTINGS BY MRS. ALISTAIR GILROY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



OF A GROUP OF ORCHIDS WHICH OFTEN ATTAIN A HEIGHT OF TWO FEET:
EULOPHIA SPECIOSA (SOUTH COAST OF NATAL, AND ZULULAND).



ALSO KNOWN AS THE SOUTH AFRICAN LILY; AND PECULIAR TO THE
COUNTRY: *AGAPANTHUS UMBELLATUS MINOR*.



KNOWN AS THE KAFFIR TREE, AND PROVIDING A MOST VIVID AND BEAUTIFUL
SIGHT: *ERYTHRINA CAFFRA*.



THE BLOOM OF A TREE WHICH GROWS TO A HEIGHT OF ABOUT FIFTEEN
FEET: *BAUHINIA PURPUREA NATALENSIS*.

In our issue of March 20 last, we reproduced some examples of the beautiful flora characteristic of the South-Western Districts of the Cape Province, South Africa. The species given here are more common to Natal. The charms and wonders of the flowers of the South, it may be noted, excited the admiration of many of the earliest travellers to Africa, among them Thunberg, Burchell, Masson,

and Niven, who explored these riches of South Africa, and took away with them many lovely examples, to adorn the gardens of Europe. In recent years, a greater study and care of these priceless possessions of beauty has been fostered in South Africa by the Wildflower Protection Society, and by the National Botanic Gardens of South Africa, at Kirstenbosch, near Cape Town.

The NEW cigarette — STATE EXPRESS 333

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

IN State Express 333 the Ardath Tobacco Company has again produced an undoubted leader!

Over a quarter of a century ago the Company introduced the State Express 555 cigarettes which have rightly achieved a world reputation for their superlative quality. They are the only cigarettes containing the unique 555 tobacco leaf; they are produced by the State Express methods of manufacture.

NOW, to meet the demand of a wider circle of smokers, the Ardath Tobacco Company has introduced the State Express 333 cigarette in such high quality as only their experience could have produced.

This new cigarette is sold at ten for sixpence, and unquestionably creates a new standard in cigarette value.

10 for 6^D
20 for 1/-



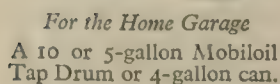
CARTON
OF 10 - 6d

CARTON
OF 20-1/-

VACUUM TIN
OF 50 — 2/6

DECORATED TIN
OF 50-2/6, 100-5/-

Dust, Water, Fuel and Carbon— What is the mixture in *your* crank case?



Hundreds of motor manufacturers the world over endorse the use of Mobiloil—convincing testimony to its quality and reliability.

Mobiloil is extensively substituted. For your protection Mobiloil is sold in sealed packages; for your home garage, in the five or ten-gallon Mobiloil tap drum or four-gallon can (the most economical way of buying); for touring and emergencies, in the *round* quart can sold by dealers everywhere at practically the price of loose oil.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Sunnet	Willet	Sunnet	Willet	Sunnet	Willet	Sunnet	Willet
A.B.C.	BB	A	BB	B	BB	B	BB	A
A.C., 6 Cyl.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
A.C., 6 Cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alvis	BB	A	BB	B	BB	B	BB	B
Armstrong Siddeley	BB	BB	A	A	BB	B	A	A
Arnold Johnson	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A	A
Austin, 20 h.p.	BB	A	BB	B	BB	B	BB	B
Austin (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Beard	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Bean, 12 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 14 h.p.	BB	A	A	P ³	BB	A	—	—
Bentley	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Bombay	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Calkott 12/24 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Calkott (A.I. Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Citroen A.C. and Logistical 80	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Crysler (All Other Models)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	—	—	Arc
Crown, 7.5 h.p.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Citizen (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Crosley, 14 h.p. & 18/50 h.p.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Crosley (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Daimler, 12 h.p.	—	A	—	A	—	A	A	Arc
Daimler, 16 h.p.	—	A	—	A	—	Arc	A	Arc
Daimler (All Other Models)	—	A	—	A	—	Arc	A	Arc
Durant Rugby	—	A	—	Arc	—	Arc	A	Arc
Eisen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat, 7 h.p. (Model 509)	—	A	—	A	—	A	—	A
Fiat (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	E
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Galloway	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
H.E.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Holmes	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Humber 8 h.p. & 9/20 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hurber (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Jaguar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia	—	A	—	A	—	A	—	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Trippa)	—	A	—	A	—	A	—	A
Lancia (All Other Models)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford (All other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier	—	A	—	A	—	A	—	A
Overland, 13.9 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (All Other Models)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, 11 & 12/20 h.p.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, Sleeve Valve Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Renault (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Renault, 6.3 h.p.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Renault (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rolls Royce	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover, 8 h.p.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover, 10 h.p.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Salmon	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Standard, 11 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Star, 14/40 h.p. & 21/50 h.p.	A	A	A	A	—	—	—	—
Star (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Studebaker (2 wheel Bikes)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker (4 wheel Bikes, Runners)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam, 14/50 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Sunbeam (All Other Models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift	—	A	—	A	—	A	—	A
Talbot, 18/55 h.p.	—	A	—	A	—	A	—	A
Talbot (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq 16 h.p. & 8 Cyl.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq (All Other Models)	A	—	—	—	—	—	BB	A
Unic	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Vauxhall 14/40 h.p.	A	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vauxhall	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
23/60 h.p. & 25/70 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Vauxhall 14 h.p. (Side Valve)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vulcan (All Other Models)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Wolsley	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB

Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

Ask for Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a quart of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Mobiloil "A" or Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

Make the chart your guide

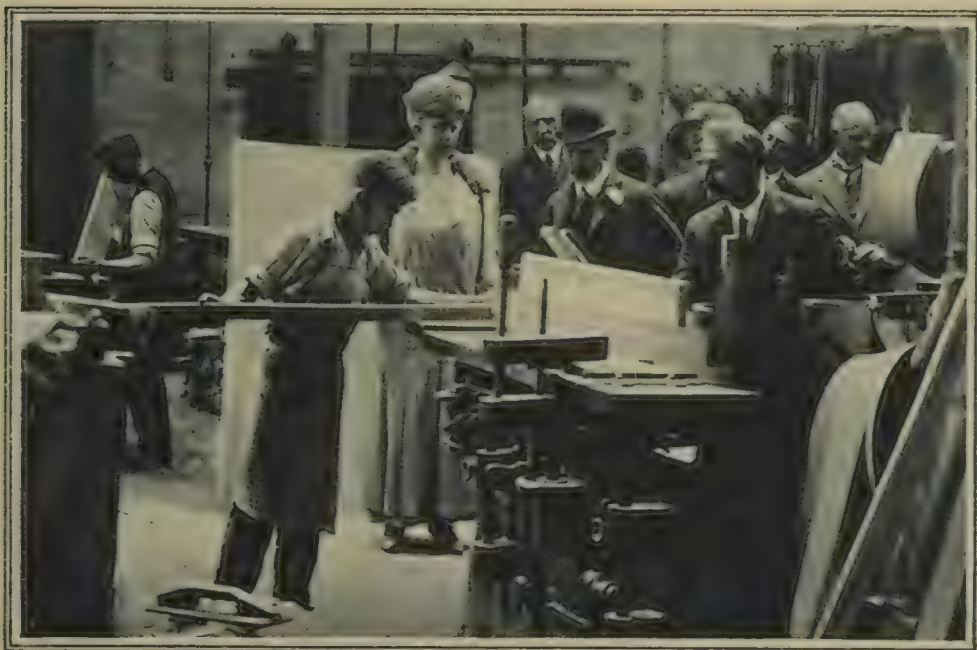
CAXTON HOUSE, LONDON S.W.1

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, CENTRAL NEWS, PHOTO PRESS, KEYSTONE, AND D.P.G.A.



MISS "MAGGIE" BONDFIELD ELECTED M.P. IN SUCCESSION TO SIR PATRICK HASTINGS: DECLARING THE POLL IN THE WALLSEND BYE-ELECTION.



WITNESSING THE MAKING OF A BRITISH PIANO: THE KING AND QUEEN AT MESSRS. JOHN BROADWOOD AND SONS' EAST-END FACTORY.



OPENING THE ROAD THROUGH "HONEYMOON VILLAGE": MR. GALBRAITH, K.C., M.P., AT SELSDON GARDEN VILLAGE.

Miss Margaret Bondfield, who was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour in Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's Administration, has been elected M.P. for Wallsend-on-Tyne, in succession to Sir Patrick Hastings, with an increased Labour majority of 9027 over the Conservative candidate.—The King and Queen visited the East End the other day, and were shown over the British piano works of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons.—Lord Clwyd, assisted by Mr. J. F. W. Galbraith, K.C., M.P., opened the Selsdon Garden Village, the new suburb to the south of Croydon, where there are some 250 houses occupied by newly-married

couples who have named their dwellings after some place associated with their honeymoon.—At Sotheby's, on July 26, a fine and hitherto unrecorded copy of the very rare first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (1678) was sold for £6800 to Mr. Dring, of Quaritch's, who bought it for stock.—The gyratory system of traffic control has been extended to Piccadilly and Piccadilly Circus, and there has been introduced a new signalling system, akin to that used on the railways, by which one man will control, by means of coloured lights, eight different points of traffic from the tributary streets leading into Piccadilly.

THE
Pilgrim's Progress
FROM
THIS WORLD,
TO
That which is to come:

Delivered under the Similitude of a

DREAM

Wherein is Discovered,
The manner of his letting out,
His Dangerous Journey; And safe
Arrival at the Desired Countrey.

I have used Similitudes, Hof. 12. 10.

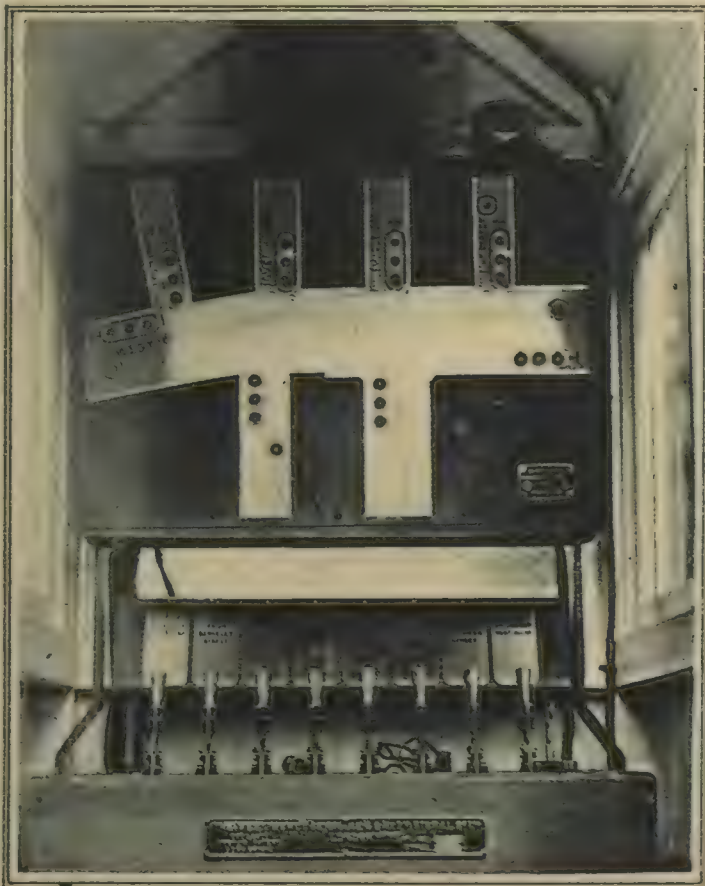
By *John Bunyan.*

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON,

Printed for Nath. Ponder at the Peacock
in the Poultry near Cornhill, 1678.

SOLD FOR £6800: A FIRST EDITION OF BUNYAN'S
"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."



SHOWING "ALL CLEAR," OR OTHERWISE, IN PICCADILLY: THE ELABORATE SIGNAL-BOX IN CONNECTION WITH THE NEW GYRATORY-TRAFFIC SYSTEM.

THE KAABA COVERED WITH KHAKI-COLOURED CLOTH, THE



READY TO START FROM JEDDAH, THE PORT OF MECCA: COVERED MOTOR-LORRIES FOR THE PILGRIMS' JOURNEY TO THE MOSLEM HOLY CITY.



IN THE HARAM: A VIEW OF PART OF ONE OF THE THREE COLONNADES.



WITH TWO UPRIGHT WHITE STONES (ON THE RIGHT) MARKING A WELL: A STREET IN MECCA, THE MOSLEMS' HOLIEST GROUND.



CONTAINING MANY PRICELESS MANUSCRIPTS RELATING TO MAHOMET AND THE MOSLEM FAITH: THE LIBRARY AT MECCA.



THE HOLY CITY DURING THE ALL-WORLD MOSLEM CONGRESS: A WIDE STREET IN MECCA, SHOWING CAFES—AND A CYCLIST.

BLACK CARPET NOT HAVING ARRIVED: IN HOLY MECCA.



SHOWING THE CUBE-SHAPED KAABA COVERED WITH A HEAVY KHAKI-COLOURED CLOTH, THE GORGEOUS BLACK CARPET NOT HAVING ARRIVED FROM EGYPT: IN THE HARAM, THE GREAT MOSQUE AT MECCA.



ON GROUND BELIEVED TO BE A PART OF HEAVEN ON EARTH WHICH WILL RETURN TO HEAVEN ON THE LAST DAY: PILGRIMS—MEN AND WOMEN—ENCIRCLING THE KAABA SEVEN TIMES.



THE COLONNADES OF THE HARAM, THE GREAT MOSQUE AT MECCA, TO WHICH EVERY MOSLEM IS BOUND TO MAKE A PILGRIMAGE ONCE IN HIS LIFE-TIME: LOOKING TOWARDS THE KAABA.

Sirdar Ikhla' Ali Shah, who made the pilgrimage to Mecca in order to attend the first All-World Moslem Congress as a delegate from the East, wrote in the "Times" the other day: "Our heads were shaved and uncovered, and we were dressed in the regulation pilgrim costume, the *haram*, consisting of only two white sheets, one for the upper part of the body, the other for the lower. They are held together by knots, for no pins, stitches, or other form of fastening is permitted. . . . The barren hills terminated at last in a range of low-lying rocky prominences which skirt around Mecca. A few miles from the Holy City you pass two white-washed posts. This is the gate to the Haram, and once you pass this limit you are not allowed to shed blood. You may not even kill a wasp, or mosquito, or destroy such an irritating thing as a flea. With prayers on our lips we entered the streets of the city. Alighting at the stand

set apart for vehicles, we at once made our way to the sacred mosque, situated in the lower part of the town. In the centre of an immense courtyard, surrounded on three sides by a colonnade, stood the Kaaba, an almost square erection, standing about thirty-five feet high, entirely draped in a heavy khaki-coloured cloth, as the gorgeous black carpet with which it is usually adorned had not arrived from Egypt. It is towards the Kaaba that all Moslems in every part of the world turn their faces when they pray. We encircled the Kaaba seven times, reciting certain prayers as we did so, and after that walked seven times in Safa Marwa just outside the Haram, sacred to Abraham's wife, for it was here, according to tradition, that she gave birth to a son. Here we shaved our heads again, discarded our white garments, and donned our ordinary clothes."

A NEWS-BAG: PERSONALITIES; ROYAL CEREMONIES;

THE AMERICAN ARSENAL EXPLOSION; AND OTHER ITEMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, G.P.U., UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD,

C.P., TOPICAL, PROTOPRESS, C.N., RUSSELL, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



BURIED AT BAGHDAD, WHERE SHE WORKED AND DIED: THE SIMPLE FUNERAL CORTEGE OF MISS GERTRUDE BELL, ORIENTAL SECRETARY TO THE HIGH COMMISSIONER OF IRAQ.



IN CHAOTIC CHINA, WHICH IS TORN BY CIVIL WAR: A CHINESE ARMOURD TRAIN LEAVING PEKING RAILWAY STATION MANNED BY "WHITE RUSSIAN" TROOPS.



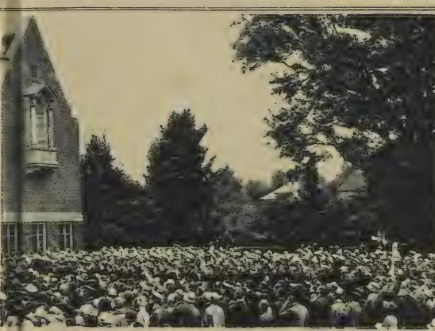
BEFORE THE EXPLOSION WHICH DESTROYED THE LARGEST AMMUNITION "DUMP" IN THE WORLD, WITH MANY CASUALTIES: THE UNITED STATES NAVY DEPOT AT LAKE DENMARK.



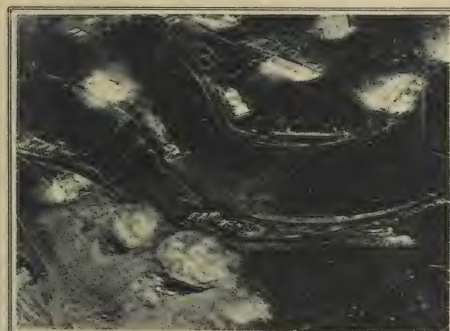
"OPENING" THE MOSAIC PAVEMENT OF A ROMAN VILLA OF 2000 YEARS AGO: THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AT WOODCHESTER



AT THE OPENING OF THE WAR MEMORIAL



BUILDING: PRINCE HENRY AT BEDFORD SCHOOL.



SHOWING "SHELL-HOLES" AS BIG AS ANY ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FLANDERS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE U.S. NAVY AMMUNITION DEPOT AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



IN HONOUR OF THE SAINT WHO BROUGHT CHRISTIANITY TO THE ISLAND: THE ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE HERMITAGE OF ST. HELIER, JERSEY.

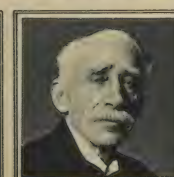
Miss Gertrude Bell, the famous Oriental scholar and traveller, Secretary to the High Commissioner of Iraq, was buried at Baghdad, where she worked and died.—The United States Navy ammunition depot at Lake Denmark, near Dover, New Jersey, the largest of its kind in the world, was completely destroyed by a series of explosions started by lightning striking a magazine stored with T.N.T.; with heavy loss of life and many minor casualties.—One of the most beautiful remains of Roman Britain, the mosaic pavement that formed part of a villa which stood nearly 2000 years ago at Woodchester, Gloucester, has been uncovered to the public.—Prince Henry paid a visit to Bedford School on July 26, to open the Old Bedfordians' War Memorial Building.—The annual pilgrimage to the Hermitage of St. Helier, after whom the capital of the island is named, has just taken place in Jersey.—The Prince of Wales paid a flying visit to the Isle of Wight on July 21. During a motor tour of sixty miles, he made seven speeches, received many addresses, and visited not only all the



DURING HIS RAPID TOUR OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT: THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING A LIFEBOAT AT YARMOUTH (I.W.).



THE FIRST PROFESSIONAL TO ACT AS "SKIPPER" OF A TEST MATCH IN THIS COUNTRY: HOBBS LEADING OUT ENGLAND AT MANCHESTER.



A WIRELESS PIONEER: DR. JOHN AMBROSE FLEMING, WHO IS RETIRING AT SEVENTY-SEVEN.



AN ORGANISER OF THE RED TERROR: THE LATE COMMISSAR DZERZHINSKY.

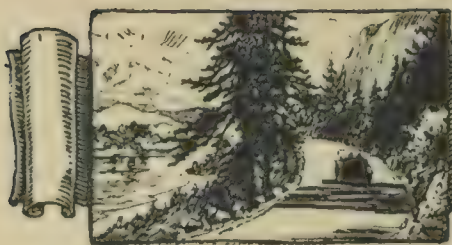


A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST: THE LATE "ADA CAMBRIDGE."



A WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST: THE LATE MR. J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

principal towns, but also many of the small villages.—Owing to the illness of Mr. Carr, the English captain, on the second day of the Test Match at Manchester, Hobbs took his place. This was the first occasion on which a professional had led the English team in a Test Match in this country.—Dr. J. A. Fleming, Professor of Electrical Engineering in the University of London since 1910, and a pioneer of wireless telegraphy and telephony, is retiring.—The death has taken place of Dzerzhinsky, President of the Supreme Economic Council of the Soviet Union and President of the State Political Department (formerly known as the Cheka).—The death is announced of two well-known novelists, "Ada Cambridge" (Mrs. G. F. Cross), who wrote "A Marked Man" and other stories; and Mr. J. B. Harris-Burland, who was the author of more than forty mystery stories. When at Oxford, Mr. Harris-Burland won the Newdigate Prize for English Poetry; was secretary of the Union; and edited the "Isis."



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE HILLMAN SALOON.

EVER since the Olympia Show, we have been often reminded, as we have been reminded for many years before, of the progress that has been made in the design, construction, and selling figure

of every kind of car. The end of July is generally, I find, rather a critical period from the owner-driver's point of view, who is looking forward to next Olympia Show, for by then he has probably discovered in what respects, if any, the manufacturers' promises have fallen short. The chances are that a good many of his friends, acquaintances, and friends of friends can by now supply him with quite a lot of useful information, not only about the cars he did not choose at the Motor Show, but also about other examples of the one he did choose. To be quite candid, he ought about this time of the year to be able to distinguish the sheep from the goats, the black ones from the white ones, or, if you prefer it more candidly, romance from the truth. It is during touring time that you find out all about it.

There are quite a number of things which I heard and read promised to us at Show time for whose appearance I am still waiting, and before the next Motor Show opens, I hope to be able to mention a few. In the meantime, it is very pleasant to be able to record the complete fulfilment of one very important promise. Makers, and especially British makers (or those who make their announcements for them in advance), told us that the moderate-powered closed car for 1926 would generally be found to be very good. I have had the opportunity of testing a number of these, and on the whole I have found that the claim is justified. It is really quite remarkable how good a closed car you can buy to-day for less than £400. The one I have in mind, for the moment, the 14-h.p. Hillman, is an excellent example.

It is only seldom that any new model of even well-established cars to-day makes what is vulgarly known as a "splash." The Hillman has been made in a variety of types, powers, and sizes for a good many years, and, so far as I can recollect, each new model has been well received by the people who bought it and used it. Not one of them, however, so far as I can remember, has had the swift success which the new 14-h.p. Hillman saloon is now beginning to enjoy. Naturally, as a critic who is rather hard to please, I have long developed the habit of regarding with considerable suspicion praise lavished on a car with which I have had no experience myself—whether that praise be printed or spoken. It is, therefore, only bare justice to say that I cannot remember any car of anywhere near the same price ever enjoying such a favourable introduction to the buying public.

As I am solely concerned with the interests of this largely increasing body, I undertook the trial of the new Hillman stuffed full of suspicion. I had notes of all the laudatory sentiments I had heard and

read expressed, and I watched the performance of that car very jealously indeed. There is nothing so easy to fall under as anything resembling mass-produced opinion, especially when, as in my case, the warmest praise had come personally and privately from a quarter whence the most stringent and biting criticisms usually emerge. You can guess, therefore, that nothing which would appear to me to be a fault in the Hillman was going to be overlooked, if I could possibly help it.

Here are some details of what seems to me to be a really excellent car. The four-cylinder engine has a bore and stroke of 72 by 120 mm., with lateral valves, giving it a cubic content within the

two-litre class. Without any real pretensions to superfine finish, I thought the unit a very tidy

but it most decidedly takes a very high place in my list of engines which run without apparent effort. It is a small list.

The next point, of almost equal importance, is the design of the four-speed gear-box and of the clutch. Anyone completely new to Hillman cars can go through that gear-box, up and down, without the slightest sound of scrape, and pretty briskly, after only a few moments' practice. I was sorry, in a way, that the particular model I had on trial was a saloon (a form of carriage which I personally dislike), because the second speed was very rightly on the low side. On the other hand, the third speed, at 7½ to 1, and top speed were just about what I should have chosen for myself. The car can be driven at its maximum rate—which I think must be a little over fifty miles an hour—easily, pleasantly, and vibrationlessly; while the third speed performs its true functions as not too many third speeds do. That is to say, it is not only an auxiliary for acceleration purposes, but a real climber.

I had two trial runs in the Hillman saloon, once with two up, and once with four up, once over good roads and short steep hills, and once over pure abomination and easy gradients for any gears but top, and I came to the conclusion that the Hillman Company have very nearly succeeded in producing the type of car which is most generally wanted to-day. It is exceedingly easy and pleasant to drive, and anybody who loves an engine will enjoy every minute while he is at the wheel of this car. There are weak spots here and there, the principal one—and, luckily, the most easily curable—being in the carburation. The pick-up after a check was not all it should be, but, on the other hand, it was remarkably good once the twenty-mile-an-hour point is well behind you. This, however, is merely a matter of adjustment. The engine runs with very little noise.

The bodywork is, naturally, not luxurious in finish, considering that the price is only £345, but the comfort of the passengers and of the driver is beyond question. The upholstery is excellent, being covered with a good quality of leather in which there are no buttons or folds to collect dust. (What the attraction is in buttons

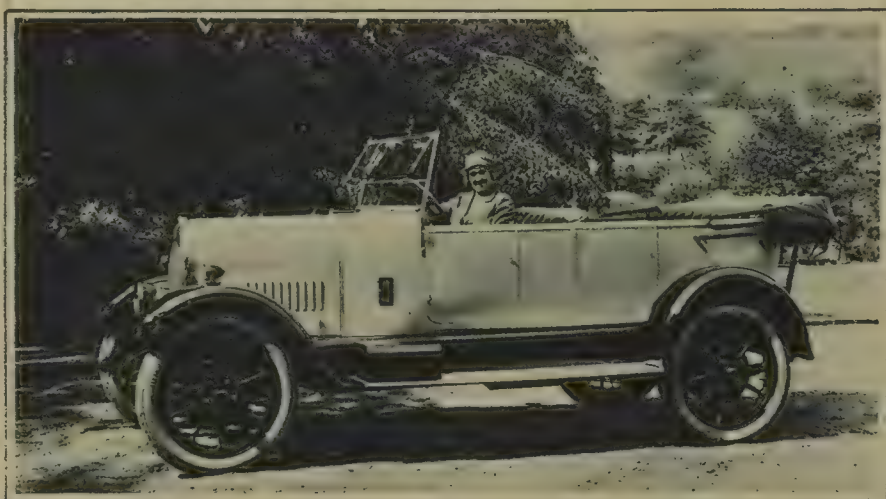
and folds I have never been able to understand.) The usual accessories are fitted, but the Hillman has, at its price, a feature I have not seen before, which is a double lock to the four doors. There is a remarkable absence of drumming or of any kind of noise, even when all windows are closed. The springing is good. I naturally have no notion as to the probable length of life of this or any other car, but, judging from the design



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE BHAR GHATS, THE STEEP HILLS NEAR BOMBAY: TWO 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE "NEW PHANTOM" CARS.


piece of work, with its various components accessibly arranged. The magneto is set slightly too far to the rear, and too close to the dashboard. Provided, however, that it does its job as it should, this position, which is altogether too common nowadays, should not cause the owner more than a periodical worry.

The remainder of the chassis in on wholly orthodox lines, and there is ample evidence of the sound commonsense which has governed the design. The points about the entire chassis which impressed me most were: (1) the quite remarkable smooth and vibrationless running of the engine. Considered solely as a two-litre engine, a type of which much is expected these days, I should not call the Hillman particularly powerful,



SUPPLIED TO THE SULTAN OF SOKOTO, ABYSSINIA: A STANDARD 14-H.P. BEAN TOURING CAR.

and behaviour, I should put the Hillman saloon down as a great credit to the British or any other industry.



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In the larger centres there are comfortable hotels; sporting, social and dance clubs; turf clubs conducted under English rules; and all modern facilities for public amusements. Tennis on hard courts is a perennial pastime and so is golf. Riding and motoring, mountaineering and camping-out open up wider fields of interest and reveal the natural beauty of the country.

At the Cape and Natal resorts sea-bathing and surfing, deep sea and rock fishing, boating and yachting provide their characteristic thrills and relaxations.

If you contemplate a holiday in South Africa consult the Publicity Agent, Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2. Tours are specially mapped out and may be booked in London by officials with an intimate knowledge of the country.

Write for Travel Book "X.L."



PROF. GARSTANG'S WORK AND CO-WORKERS IN PALESTINE.

By our Special Representative at the Archaeological Congress in Palestine.

IT is only a few years since Professor Garstang pointed out the brilliant future that awaited organised research in the countries of the Near East liberated by the mandates, and was himself entrusted with the organisation of the service of antiquities in Palestine, including both research and administration. Already striking successes have rewarded the school of workers that he has gathered together and trained. Last year Mr. Turville Petrie made the great find of the season—the prehistoric Galilee skull, which links the Middle Palaeolithic culture of Palestine with that of Europe and reveals primitive man there many thousands of years earlier than had been hitherto demonstrated. Now it is Mr. Horsfield's turn: his new find will stir all Christendom and may give to history and to humanity results more far-reaching than can be foreseen. Both these relatively young explorers received their field training with the British School in Jerusalem, and their present work is still being done under the personal supervision of Professor Garstang, who, however, is generously insistent that the younger men should be given their chance and reap the full reward of their work and zeal. It is, nevertheless, a striking tribute to his own spade-work and *flair* that results of this importance are already being obtained.

This causes no surprise to those who recently attended the Congress in Syria and Palestine, for the delegates (who were eighty in number, representing fourteen different countries) were unanimous in recognising the sound and broad lines on which the whole organisation had been conceived and the generous spirit of collaboration which animated its working arrangements. Already ten expeditions from other countries are at work in Palestine, and every month fresh materials are being brought to light for writing new pages of history or in amplification of the older documents.

Mr. Horsfield's work at Jerash is being done on behalf of the Government, in a consistent effort to remedy some of the damage that has been done to the unique monuments of that place, and to prevent more damage arising. Mr. Horsfield was born in 1882, and early began to study history and antiquity.

At eighteen he commenced architectural studies under G. F. Bodley, R.A., assisting in the restoration of York and Peterborough Cathedrals. Later, he crossed over to America, where in the firm of Cram Goodhus, who had a special genius for Gothic work, he found better opportunities for self-expression. After serving in Gallipoli and in France, he found himself, after illness, transferred to India on the Staff of the Northern Army, as architect, with rank of Major. After the war and a period of travel, he joined the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem as a student. Part of his studies were done under a standing arrangement at the French Archaeological School (Ecole Biblique), and his initiation into field methods began at Tanturah (Dora) under Professor Garstang, who formed so high an opinion of his resourcefulness and architectural taste that he, in due time, recommended him to the Emir's Government in Trans-Jordan as the right man to be entrusted with the responsibilities of the conservation work on the monuments of Jerash and other sites in Trans-Jordan.

THE CHRIST-LIKE HEAD FROM JERASH. A NOTE BY DR. G. BALDWIN BROWN.

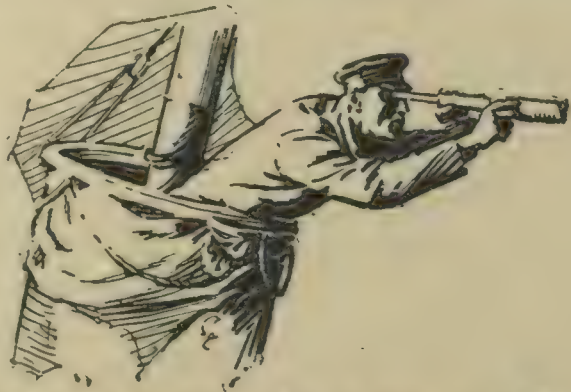
THE Jerash head presents a difficult æsthetic problem that can only be satisfactorily handled on a basis of careful comparative study. The following few sentences convey the first impression made by the original when the writer saw it a few weeks ago in Jerusalem, and call attention also to some considerations that should not be lost sight of in any discussions of the subject. At the first glance the work seems to accord with the well-known classical type of the bearded deity or demigod, such as Zeus, Poseidon, or Asklepios. A second glance brings into prominence the remarkable treatment of the brow and eye, which gives to the countenance an expression of suffering. This is not so pronounced as in the case of the Laokoon or of the wounded giants on the Pergamene frieze, but we are reminded rather of the Scopas head of the dying warrior from Tegea, where the eyes are set under a developed frontal sinus, and the inner corners of the brows are drawn together and upwards so as to convey the impression of pain intense and nobly borne. Now, in view of the locality and conditions of the Jerash find, and in consideration

of the fact that a bearded type of Christ was early established, the conjecture is very natural that we have here a presentation of the suffering Son of Man. Æsthetically speaking, this is quite reasonable, but the artistic history of the times is against it, for the portrayal of Christ in this aspect is late mediæval and not Early Christian, and in the earlier times the catacomb paintings, the sarcophagi, and the great mosaics avoid any hint of humiliation or pain in the presentation of the subject. The bearded Christ of about 500 A.D. in S. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna is of a severe and heroic grandeur. Hence, if the head were in truth that of a suffering Christ, it would be an artistic phenomenon of a somewhat startling kind. We are a long way, however, from the last word on this interesting subject.

An interesting summer wine list has been published by the famous firm of Hedges and Butler, and will be sent gratis and post free to all readers of this paper applying to the head offices at 153, Regent Street, W. The house of Hedges and Butler, originally established A.D. 1667—the year after the Great Fire of London, in the days of King Charles II.—has been continuously carried on by the members of one family during the reigns of twelve consecutive British monarchs—259 years.

A vacuum cleaner for cleansing car upholstery which is operated through an attachment to the Autovac lead, where this device is installed, or from a nipple set into the induction pipe where gravity or pressure fuel feed is used, is now on the market. When it is not required as a vacuum cleaner, the device can be used as an extra air-inlet. It appears to work very well indeed, and, as it costs only 25s., it seems rather worth while.

It would be difficult to estimate the world's lemon crop, but last season Messrs. Foster Clark, Ltd., of Maidstone, alone used 50,000,000 for making Eiffel Tower lemonade. English people are rapidly realising that as a cooling summer drink the lemon cannot be equalled. It keeps the blood cool, so that the body is able better to withstand the summer heat. Eiffel Tower lemonade has been a great favourite for more than thirty years. Made from lemons, it is noted for its purity and general excellence.



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—that
wash with Wright's
to protect you
for the day





OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 4

“Putting his foot into it”

IN the North of England a very old phrase—“The Bishop’s had his foot in it”—is used when food is burnt in the cooking. The supposed origin was the habit of running out to receive the Bishop’s blessing as he passed, and leaving any cooking to take care of itself.

When disputes arose over the title to land in Hindustan, the question was settled by digging two holes in the spot concerned, and into these the lawyer for each claimant put his foot. Here they remained until one gave in through exhaustion, the award going to the side which endured longest.

The most popular saying to-day is
“Johnnie Walker, please!”

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN was looking a little tired and white when the season closed. Throughout its somewhat chequered career, her Majesty has not spared herself, but has been busy taking the social lead that is so valuable, and also taking every opportunity of visiting hospitals and industrial undertakings, and picture exhibitions, to which the Queen is a valued patroness, and, by means of such visits, a real encouragement to young artists. Her Majesty does not go with the King to Goodwood House, and did not do so last year, but will be on the royal yacht at Cowes, and has promised to visit the fête at Carisbrooke on the 31st, which the Governor of the Isle of Wight, Princess Beatrice, will open. Her Majesty, I hear, often jokes with her Royal Highness about being only second-in-command on the Island.



A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON: MISS JEAN BECKWITH.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

At Goodwood an event of each day was the arrival of the Goodwood House party at their private entrance to their private stand, wherein luncheon was served to the King, members of the house party, and some special guests nominated by his Majesty. After lunch, the King and other guests go by the underground passage from the private stand to the club

stand, railed off from the paddock. The King likes it better for seeing the racing than the Duke's private stand. His preference has made the paddock the

smart rendezvous, and the Duke, a truly gallant man, has erected a stand for ladies in the paddock, giving a fine view of the course. Admission to it is coveted, although there are no seats. It is merely a coign of vantage from which to see the racing. The King, as a rule, came through the big gates near the paddock, entered by the club to the stand, from there witnessed the first race, and then went to the private stand for luncheon.

The Duke's daughters and grand-daughters are always in evidence during Goodwood week. In addition to the house party, the Earl and Countess of March have a party at Molecombe, which is practically in Goodwood Park, a charming country house, up to date inside, and picturesque outwardly. Their daughters, Lady Amy Coats, and Lady Doris Vyner, are with them. The former married, in 1917, Captain James Stuart Coats, M.C., who was in the Coldstream Guards, and is now in the Reserve of Officers. He is the elder of the two sons of Sir Stuart Coats of Ballathie, second Baronet. Lady Amy is handsome, dark-haired, and dark-eyed, with the rather short nose and finely curved mouth which goes with the family good looks. She has three small sons. Lady Doris Vyner has also the Gordon-Lennox type of face and colouring. She was married in Chichester Cathedral in April 1923 to Mr. Clare Vyner, of Studley Royal. Lady Doris has one daughter, named after the Duchess of York, Elizabeth. Mr. Vyner was Lieut.-Commander in the Navy, and is now in the Emergency List. He retired to look



WIFE OF MR. CLARE VYNER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON: THE LADY DORIS VYNER.

Photograph by Speaight.

after the great estates which he inherited from his maternal grandfather, the late Mr. Robert Charles de Grey Vyner. Lady Amy Coats and Lady Doris Vyner have one surviving brother, Lord Settrington, in the R.A.T.A., who came of age in February last.

There are other granddaughters of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood. There is Lady Falkiner, the youngest daughter of Sir John Cotterell, who was married last September to Sir Terence Falkiner, eighth Baronet, of Anne Mount, County Cork, who is in the Coldstream Guards. Her mother, Lady Evelyn Cotterell, died in 1922. She is a very handsome young married lady. Her cousins, Miss Jean and Miss Isabel Beckwith, are the daughters of Captain and Lady Muriel Beckwith. Miss Isabel is a débutante of this year. Lady Muriel and the Duchess of Northumberland are the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's two youngest children, and are of his second marriage, with Miss Isabel Craven, of the family of which Lord Craven is head. These two daughters of the Duke of Richmond are quite unlike their half-sisters, being tall, fair-haired, and blue-eyed. The Duchess of Northumberland is a beautiful woman, and Lady Muriel resembles her, but is not quite so tall and statuesque. The Duchess of Northumberland acted as hostess for her father during the Goodwood races week.—A. E. L.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON: MISS ISABEL BECKWITH.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ASK BECCLES," AT THE GLOBE.

EUSTACE Beccles, society burglar, the hero of the new play at the Globe, written by Cyril Campion and Edward Dignon, is own cousin of that famous amateur cracksmen, A. J. Raffles, the main difference between the two crooks consisting in the circumstance that, while A. J. is a gentleman cricketer, Eustace is a briefless barrister. The scene of Eustace's adventures, which are mainly concerned with the theft and restoration of a jewel called the Firth diamond, is laid at Hollesley Hall, where the hero, in the intervals in which he is not conducting his illicit business, makes love to his host's daughter and snatches her from the arms of a bad and booming baronet. Neither in crispness of dialogue nor in ingenuity of stage effect is this latest study in drawing-room crime up to the Hornung or the Lonsdale standard; but, this allowance made, it certainly provides an amusing evening's entertainment. For the part of Beccles a Gerald du Maurier, an A. E. Matthews, or an Arthur Wontner is really wanted. For all that, Mr. Basil Foster quits himself satisfactorily in the rôle, playing with a quite engaging ease and impudence. Prominent among his male supporters are Mr. Eric Maturin, admirable as the explosive and love-sick baronet; Mr. Lewin Mannering, who gives an excellent account of Beccles's confederate, the "fence"; and Mr. Victor Lewisohn, who makes quite a character of the baffled detective. Of the women, Miss Barbara Gott enjoys the best opportunities—and makes the very most of them. She plays the vulgar and wealthy widow from whom the diamond is stolen, with real verve and unction. Miss Barbara Hoffe looks very handsome as the heroine.

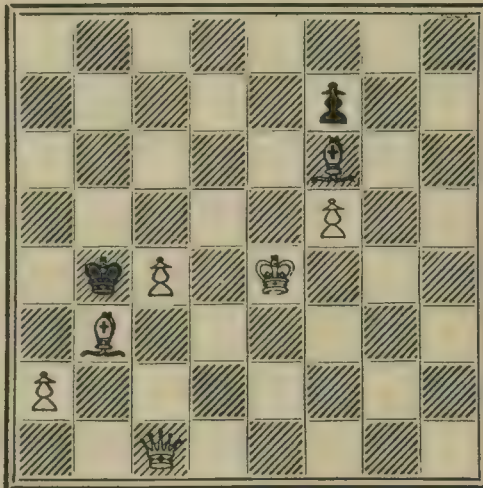
"DISTINGUISHED VILLA," AT THE LITTLE.

The "Distinguished Villa" discovered by Miss Kate O'Brien in Brixton is inhabited or visited by men and women in whose characters it is very difficult to believe. Mabel Hemwith, the nagging childless wife who lavishes on her house the attention she might have given to her husband, is a mere caricature of Cockney sham gentility; Gwendoline Tupman, her sister, who compromises herself with two men and compels the one who is not the father of her child to marry her, is scarcely more credible than Mabel; while Frances Llewellyn, who gives herself airs of culture and soulfulness on the strength of being

assistant in a Free Library and of loving gramophone records of Mozart, never persuades us to believe her superior in anything save priggishness. Like to the females are the males. Natty Hemworth, the husband, is merely the victim of false tragedy. And Alec Webberley, the philanderer, and John Morris, the idealist and worshipper of Nature—both in love with Frances—are unconvincing regarded either as types or individuals. Otherwise the play, entirely incredible as it is as a study of suburban life, proves an excellent vehicle for good acting. Miss Una O'Connor gives a masterly account of the shrewish Mabel, and Mr. Ivor Barnard is equally good as the sensitive and down-trodden Natty.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 3984.—By PHILIP MARTIN.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3982.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE

1. R (K B 8th) to K B 7th

2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Anything

Characteristic of its composer's peculiar style, and escaping from extraordinary cleverness from the inherent difficulties of the construction. When so many mates are pending, it is always a matter of amazement that there is only one move that can bring about the desired solution. An ingenious try by 1. P to Kt 8th becomes Kt seems baffled only by 1. — R takes R.

SENEX (Darwen).—We acknowledge a true bill to your indictment: on one point, for causes we cannot control on the other, because

giants are not born nowadays. When, however, it becomes a race to rival Methuselah we are vain enough to think we can show you the way.

E F RUTHERFORD (Saratoga Springs, New York).—Your intuition was sounder than your reasoning. The answer to your proposed solution of No. 3981 is 1. — Q to Q Kt 8th (ch).

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—The "blind spot" is a common experience, and you are having a touch of it. No White pawn is necessary, for if 1. — K to B 3rd, then 2. Q to B 7th (ch), K to K 4th, 3. R takes P (mate).

ALBERT E. TAYLOR (Sheffield).—Your communication is rather surprising, all the more in that our attention has not already been called to the facts. You will see from our note below what use we have made of the information.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3979 received from S A Hawarden (Benoni, Transvaal); of No. 3981 from H Ward (West Kirby), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and R B Cooke (Portland, Maine); of No. 3982 from J W Smedley (Oldham), H Ward (West Kirby), A Edmeston (Worsley), H Heshmat (Cairo), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), Senex (Darwen), J B Beresford (Chapel-en-le-Frith), and W G Walrond (Haslingden); and of No. 3983 from L W Caffera (Farndon), F Pulley (Birmingham), J T Bridge (Colchester), H W Satow (Bangor), E Boswell (Lancaster), Albert Taylor (Sheffield), C B S (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J P S (Cricklewood), and J Hunter (Leicester).

On April 10 last we printed a problem, No. 3977, by W Finlayson, which was one of several contributed to this column about July 1924 as the original compositions of the author, with the implied understanding that they had not been previously published. We have now had placed before us a cutting from the *Glasgow Herald* of some Saturday in November 1922 showing the same position, except that it is turned over to the other side of the board, marked No. 63, with the record that it is specially contributed by Mr. W. Finlayson, of Edinburgh. Although we have not the slightest doubt that a satisfactory explanation can be given, we think it is due to us that the composer himself should reader one.

HOLIDAY CHESS.

At this season of the year, it will perhaps better please our readers if both play and problem are set in a lighter and more lively key than is here customary. It is with that desire the following are offered.

Game played in the inter-city match, New York v. Philadelphia between Messrs. EDWARD LASKER and WINKELMAN.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)

BLACK (Mr. W.)

1. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th

3. P to B 4th P to K 3rd

4. B to Kt 5th Q Kt to Q 2nd

5. P to K 3rd B to K 2nd

6. Kt to B 3rd Castles

7. B to Q 3rd P to Q R 3rd

8. Kt to K 5th P takes P

9. Kt takes Q B P to Kt 4th

10. Kt to R 5th P to B 4th

11. Kt to B 6th Q to K sq

WHITE (Mr. L.)

BLACK (Mr. W.)

12. Q to B 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd

13. Kt to K 4th K Kt to Q 4th

14. Kt takes B (ch) Kt takes Kt

15. Kt to B 6th (ch) Resigns

Black went altogether wrong

with his 9th move, after which

he had little chance of saving the

game. This does not detract

from the merits of the clever

ending by which White wins.

Game played in a match, the Marshall Chess Club v. Staten Island Chess Club, between Messrs. E. A. SANTASIERE and E. B. ADAMS.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)

BLACK (Mr. A.)

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th

2. P to K 3rd P to K 3rd

3. B to Q 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

4. Kt to Q 2nd B to Q 3rd

5. P to K B 4th Kt to B 3rd

6. P to B 3rd Kt to K 2nd

7. Kt to R 3rd Castles

8. Castles B to Q 2nd

9. P to K 4th P takes P

10. Kt takes P Kt to Kt 3rd

11. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt

WHITE (Mr. S.)

BLACK (Mr. A.)

12. P to B 5th P takes P

13. B takes P B takes B

14. R takes B K to R sq

15. Q to R 5th R to K Kt sq

And White announced mate in

four moves, by Q takes P (ch),

etc. Black's 10th move seems

the fatal error. 10. — Kt takes

Kt, followed by, 11. — Kt to

B 4th, would at least give a

defensible game. The final mate

is quite problematic in its elegance.



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'No doubt—no doubt,' said the old lord . . . 'all your grooms and couteliers, and jackmen as we should call them in Scotland, are but too ready to take a cup of wine with anyone . . . But, Andrew Arnot, this is a long tale of yours, and we will cut it with a drink, as the Highlander says, Skeoch doch nan skial—and that's good Gaelic . . .'

QUENTIN DURWARD, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

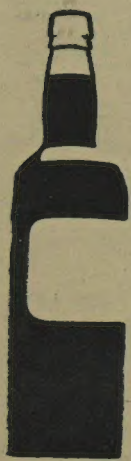
Be a tale never so long; be its teller never so prosy; cut it with a drink of good, aged, worthy Black & White and there will be interest where before was none. For Black & White, too, is good Gaelic, and, withal, of an ancestry Highland as any that ever came down a glen. My Lord Crawford was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE

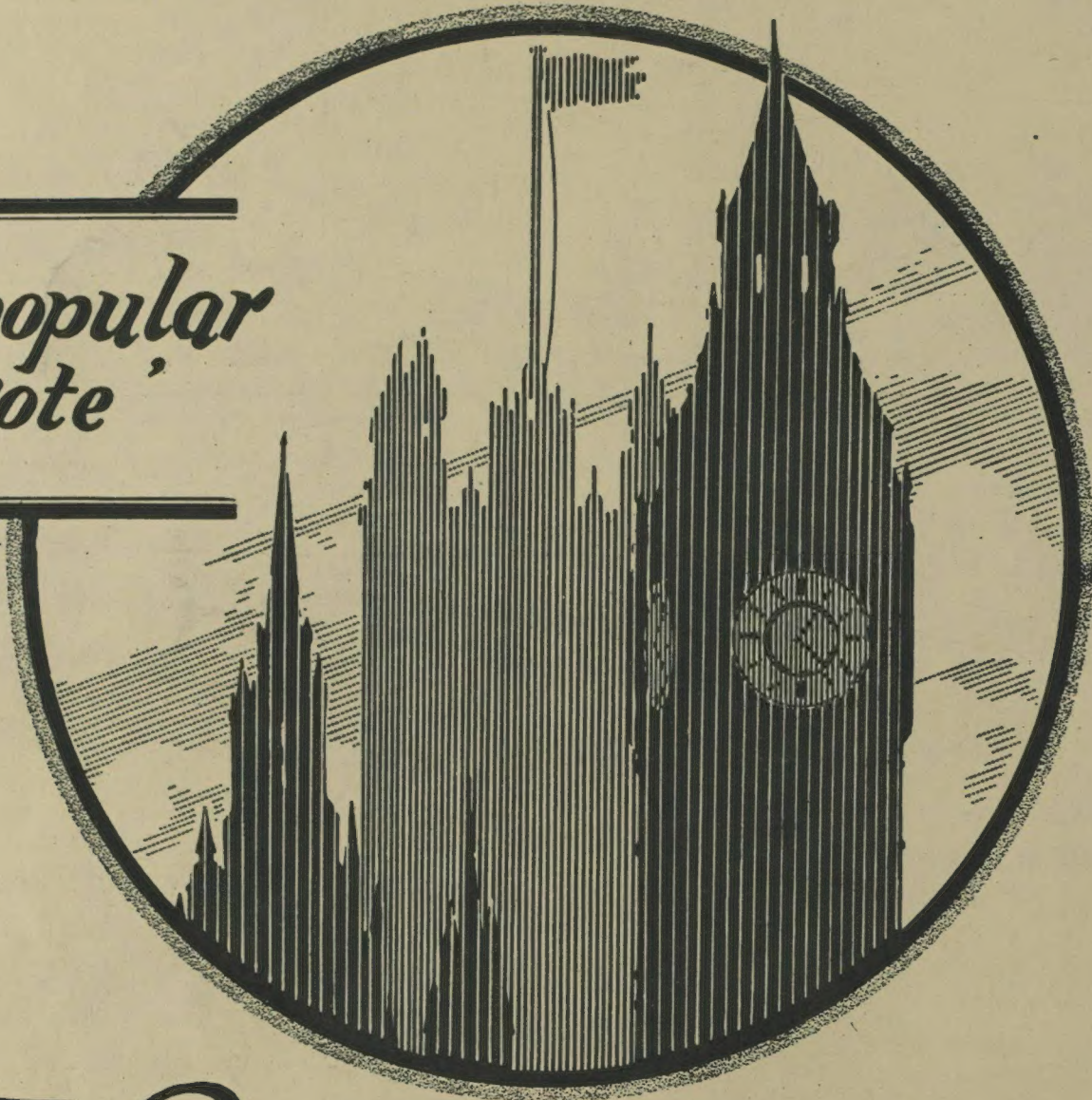
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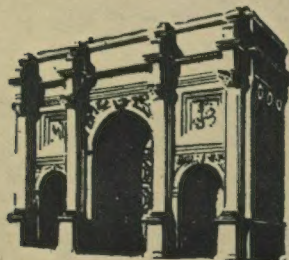
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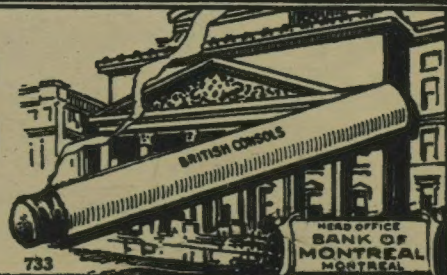


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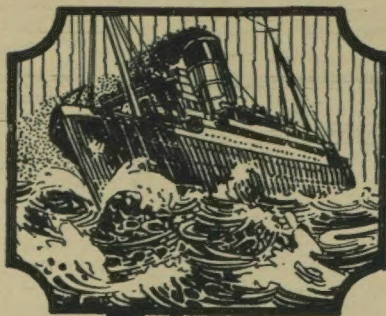
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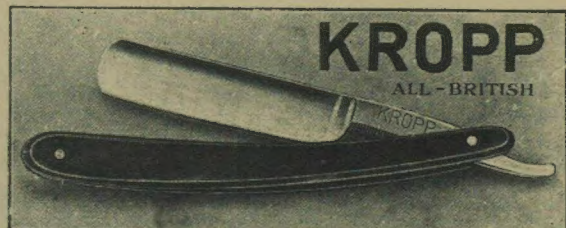
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